A Little Neglect may bring Big Trouble.—See page ii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 512 | SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1916 | ONE PENNY

[*Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.*]

779101

For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

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In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
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of .....
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—OR—

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(*Strike out one of these.*)

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Name of Nominee .....

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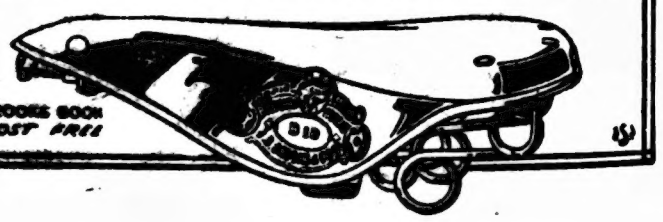
J. B. BROOKS & Co Ltd 60 CRITERION WORKS BIRMINGHAM



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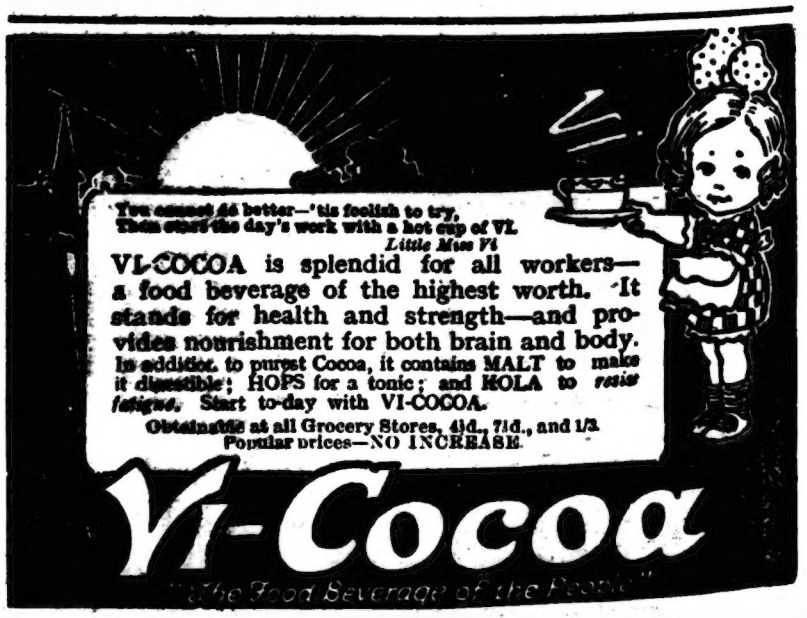
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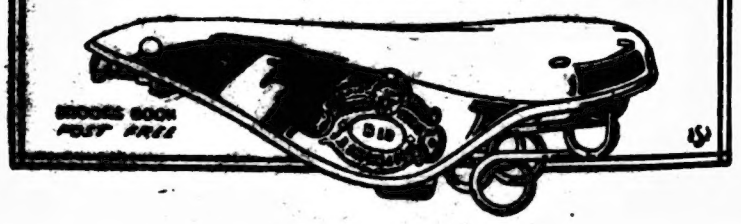

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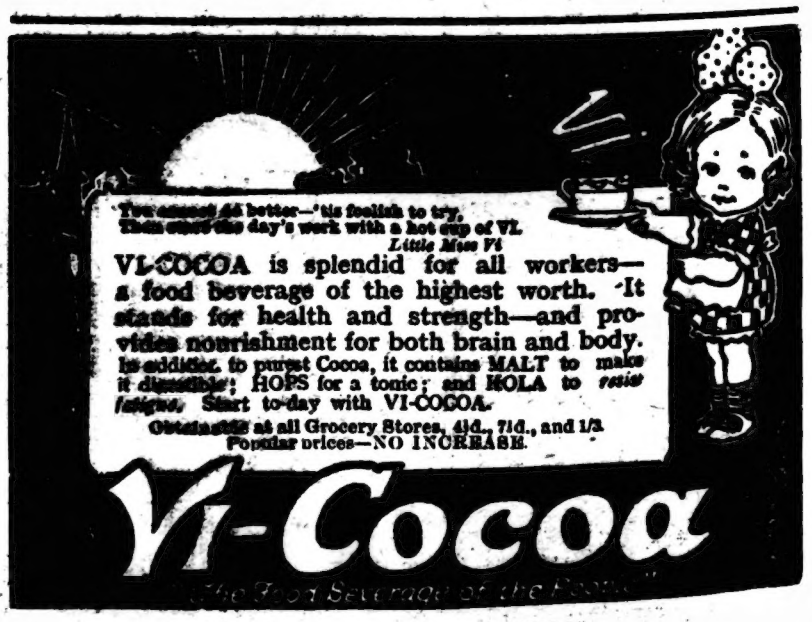
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A Word with "Charlie."

Now that Charlie Beresford is a full-fledged peer, why doesn't he—in his bluff and cheery manner—call upon the Gilded Chamber to disown the Dukes of Albany and Cumberland, now bearing arms against the King?

Mercantile Jack.

The men of the Mercantile Marine are asking whether shipowners, who insure their ships, should not also insure their crews. Vessels nowadays start out on hazardous voyages into seas of strange adventure, and, only too often, come not back to port. The owner recoups himself for his loss. The widows and the orphans suffer unheeded. Timber and iron must be protected by insurance, being costly. Human life, alas! is cheap.

Married Men.

Whatever be the ultimate fate of attested married men, there can be no question that those without children should undoubtedly be called up first. Similarly, men with small businesses of their own should be put in a later class than those either of independent means or in employment. The whole thing resolves itself—like almost everything else in politics—into a simple business proposition; and all these things should be taken into consideration when the various classes are fixed.

More Munitions Disclosures.

This from one in a position to know: "To-day, in one of the Elswick shops (Armstrong, Whitworth and Co), a foreman has had the courage to sack a young man as a ringleader in gambling, which goes on all day. The shop threatens to come out on strike if the foreman is not sacked and the man again started. . . . We can do quite twice as much work, but we do not dare to do so, as the men who supply us from the trucks will not put more than the numbers agreed, and spend hours each day loafing and gambling." It may be that loafing and gambling is one of the starred occupations. We will look up our list.

Cornish Courage.

Tin comes from Cornwall; so does wolfram. The Government need both, especially wolfram. So a Cornish mining man asked a Government official whether, if the miners used a separator in which Germhuns hold patent rights, the officials would indemnify the mine against any penalties for infringement. And the Government, wanting wolfram and panting for it, would give no such indemnity, being shocked at the bare idea of infringing a Germhun patent. And now hear what the Cornishman's decision was: "All he could say was the mine intended doing as the brave fellows were doing at the front—put in a separator and fight the Germans afterwards." Mr. J. Gilbert is the Cornishman referred to, and the country is his debtor.

Unpatriotic Prosecution.

While the Ministry of Munitions, as we would fain believe, are straining every nerve to increase the output of shot and shell, the Home Office, apparently, can find no better way of helping them than to sanction the prosecution of munition manufacturers for trifling breaches of the Factory and the Workshops Act. For example, at Leeds, the Kirby Bank Screw Company, a busy munitions firm, were recently summoned for permitting "certain young persons" to work an hour's well-paid overtime four nights a week. Happily, the Leeds Stipendiary has a fund of good sense in reserve for such occasions, and his decision to dismiss the charges under the First Offenders Act, and to deprive the prosecution of their costs, will be universally approved. Even the Home Office should know by this time that we are at war.

The Merciless Hun.

"May our U-boat warriors ignore the very existence of such a thing as mercy where the sons of Albion are concerned," cries a Hamburg newspaper. And may there be more "*Baralong* incidents"!

A Manual of Theosophy.

We have no wish to rake up the unsavoury details connected with the past record of a Theosophist named C. W. Leadbeater, but it will be remembered that in these columns we have shown him to be a most undesirable person, and one defending practices that should forbid the mention of his name in private and elementary schools for boys. We hear that a manual of Theosophy is being sent gratis to such institutions, with a suggestion that it should be placed in the school library. It is written by Leadbeater. *Verb. sap.*

More Plausible than Practical.

Many correspondents wish us to urge upon the Admiralty the desirability of placing several Germhun officers and men, interned prisoners in British hands, on board liners leaving or coming into British ports, the names to be notified to the Germhun Government by wireless or otherwise. This idea has been kept before us by readers, almost from the beginning of the Germhun submarine and floating-mine campaign. But what would there be to prevent the submarine taking off the Huns and *then* torpedoing the vessel?

The Persevering Dutch.

A prominent fruit-grower of Worthing states that twenty Dutchmen are already working in greenhouses in the district, and that others will follow. They won't—if there is any decent feeling in Worthing. That the jobs of young men gone to the war should be given over to Dutchmen on the make-haste is a thing dishonourable. Older gardeners and discharged soldiers could easily undertake the work in greenhouses, and private persons in Worthing must see to it that local horticulture is not monopolised by the mynheers from Holland.

Peace and a Parson.

When the Rev. J. H. Evans, Vicar of Coleford, in Somerset, began to receive a number of anonymous letters suggesting that he should practise what he preaches and join the Army, he offered to put on the gloves with any of the writers who would reveal his identity. Private J. C. Dempsey, of the 27th S. Australians, promptly accepted the invitation, whereupon the Vicar "thoroughly explained his position as a clergyman and a gentleman," and "there is no possibility" of a fight between the man of peace and the man of war. On the whole, therefore, it is a pity our rev. friend did not thoroughly explain his position before he offered pugilistic satisfaction to his critics. He certainly cannot be said to have made a hit.

Down Dover Way.

It would be calamitous should Dover be cut off from railway connection with London. Everybody will concede the proposition. Therefore, its possibility should be removed from probability, so far as foresight enables us to discount a peril of the future. We understand that the destruction done by a landslip to the S.E. line between Folkestone and Dover is not to be made good. This leaves only the L.C. and D. line open. And we ask the military authorities to at once safeguard a certain tunnel on that line. It is a mile-and-a-quarter long; its roof is sometimes near the surface; it has two vents, or chimneys, in open fields—and we are informed that it is not watched or guarded in any way. If our information is correct, the position should be remedied without a moment's delay!

The Little Black Marvel, the "J. B." Pen.

"British" Consuls.

So out of 37 salaried "British" Consuls in Germhuny before the war, all but eight were Huns! How often have we drawn attention in the past to this scandal?

The Zepp Raids.

Whilst we ourselves were in Yorkshire lecturing on the war to large audiences, representatives of our Free Insurance Department were busy in various parts of the county and elsewhere investigating damage done by the recent great Zeppelin raid, and paying claims. The havoc which was wrought to the property of innocent citizens was of an extraordinary character, but we are glad to say that many of the sufferers had been wise enough to protect themselves by means of our scheme. No fewer than 323 victims of the blind ferocity of the Huns have now benefited under it, and on our journeys we received, on all hands, congratulations on inaugurating so generous a provision for our readers.

A Typical Letter.

As showing the spirit in which claims are dealt with, we give the following extract from a letter from Mr. C. Noble, whose residence "somewhere on the East Coast" was totally destroyed: "Just a line to thank you for the prompt and kind manner in which you treated us. My wife told me your representative in the manner of conducting the business was kindness indeed. May JOHN BULL and its Editor long live to stand up for justice and fair treatment for the working people of this country. You always seem ready to give a helping hand to those you find really worthy of it. My wife and your humble servant will have cause long to remember JOHN BULL." And Mr. Noble's letter is but typical of many others which have reached us.

Happy Huns.

According to the *Rand Daily Mail*, the Germhun prisoners of war interned at Aus, in the Transvaal, are having the time of their lives, and are "exceedingly cheeky" in consequence. It seems that the Germhun flag flies over the camp, where the captive Huns are allowed to "do whatever they like, say whatever they like, and get whatever they want." Moreover, the "prisoners" enjoy wide freedom of movement, being permitted to come and go freely within a radius of five miles of the camp. Such amenities are in striking contrast to the harsh treatment generally accorded to Allied prisoners of war, and while we have never advocated reprisals against enemy captives, we are bound to think that, here and there, the British authorities have carried the national traditions of chivalry in war to a foolish and dangerous extreme.

Lost, Stolen or Strayed.

In a "Letter Bag" reply to a correspondent, who recently complained that though he regularly sent JOHN BULL to his brother in Australia, it very often did not reach there, we recommended him to register it, as "we are probably more often filched *en route* than any other publication." One who has done his bit in France and Salonika and is now in the Western General Hospital at Newport, says he is ready to swear an affidavy on that assertion. His wife sent JOHN BULL to him every week during the six months he was away, but only three copies reached him. "My word, sir," he quoths, "if you could see the delight of Thomas when he gets hold of you, it would do your heart good. Everything else is shoved on one side when you are about, and as there are always so many eager for a squint, you get torn up into separate pages to satisfy the hungry crowd." It is gladsome to know Atkins and BULL are such intimate friends. In spirit we are always with him.

Cutting Out the "C.O.s."

The *Evening News*, with the best of intention, has decided to cease reporting the cases of the "Conscientious Objectors." We suggest, however, that a better plan would be to publish the name and address of every applicant for exemption. Twig?

"War Organization Committee."

Many readers have called our attention to an advertisement issued by this body, offering various prizes—somewhat on the lines of the New Anzac-on-Sea scheme. Having succeeded in identifying the people at the back of the project, we advise our correspondents to leave it severely alone.

"The Wrong Mixture."

Regarding that dose of poison, accidentally administered in the chemists' department at Harrods Stores, we have received a courteous note from "the chemist who was responsible, although the dose was given by one of his qualified assistants." This gentleman, who, by the way, acted so promptly as to save the life of the sufferer, was called up when the Territorial Forces were mobilised, and has been serving in France for over a year. We are glad to acknowledge his gallantry, and also the spirit that prompts him to shoulder a blunder for which he was only technically, and not actually, responsible.

Asking for Bread.

The War Emergency Entertainments were started by Mr. Isidore de Lara to assist British singers and musicians thrown out of engagements, a direction in which, unfortunately, there has been too much scope for good work. A professional man, who was in consequence of the war reduced to sore straits, tells us, however, that he sent in his name to the Committee, in the hope that some employment would come his way. The sole response has been a ticket now and again for one of those very entertainments in which he desired to appear as a performer, and at which he has no wish to figure in the audience at a cost of a shilling or two for fares, fees, and programme. He asked for bread, and they gave him a concert ticket.

Substitution.

Foisting margarine instead of butter upon unsuspicious purchasers must be a game that pays remarkably well, judging from the trading history of Patrick Doherty, who carries on his "business" in a market belonging to the Manchester Corporation. He has just been fined £50 for such a sale, and the Deputy Town Clerk said that since 1884 there were a number of convictions recorded against him for this class of offence, the latest being last January, when he was fined £20. Of course Mr. Doherty said his assistant had "made a mistake," but the said assistant seems to have made so many similar mistakes, "since 1884," that we think it high time the Corporation of Manchester invited Mr. Doherty to take his goods—or his bads—to some other market.

The Liquor Law.

A little domestic story illustrates not only the absurdity, but the insult and the cruelty of the new Liquor Control. A decent working-man, not given to drinking spirits, and as innocent as a lamb about the restrictions upon their sale, was making up a home remedy for a cold. One of the ingredients required was two tablespoonfuls of brandy, so off he went to the spirit vaults and ordered four-pennyworth in a bottle. It came as a shock to learn he could not be trusted with it unless he supplied a doctor's certificate. It might mean a £100 fine if the publican supplied 4d. worth of brandy to be taken away—in a bottle; "but," said Boniface, "you can take it away inside yourself, if you like!" Or he might buy a whole bottle. The position is farcical,

The Simple But Profitable Pastime, "Bullet"-Making.

Thinking or Voting.

Lord Haldane has told us that we shall solve the problem of the Air by violent thinking. Violent voting is more to the point.

Dunning a Soldier.

In the trenches in Flanders on New Year's Day a private in the South Wales Borderers was surprised to receive a card of greeting from the Urban District Council of Cockermouth, Cumberland, his former place of abode. The festive document consisted of a Demand Note for £1 17s. 7d., being the amount of rates due and payable to Mr. William Stephenson, Assistant Overseer and Collector. Forwarding the curious missive for our inspection, friend Tommy suggests that "the Cockermouth authorities should send Mr. William Stephenson on a trip to Flanders to collect the money," to which is added the friendly hint that "he should first make his will." We pass the suggestions on to Cockermouth, with the compliments of all the seasons.

"The Camera Cannot Lie."

At a certain Controlled establishment the men were agreeably fluttered by the entrance of a gentleman with a camera. If, however, they thought he was anxious to take their pretty pictures, their coy reluctance was unnecessary. They were just put off their jobs for a few minutes, soldiers took their places and their tools, and click went the camera. A few days later, a halfpenny picture paper came out with the photos, underlined, "As sailors are making munitions in their spare time, so are soldiers making trench covers." Now the soldiers were doing nothing of the kind; they stood to be snap-shotted. One picture, "cutting covers to correct length," is actually of a civilian worker wearing the borrowed coat and cap of a corporal. Is there any need to fool the public in this way?

Gifts to the Trenches.

This is how the Income-tax authorities encourage gifts to the boys in the trenches. A well-known firm producing talking-machine records has given many thousands of up-to-date records to our soldiers and sailors, and the Income-tax Surveyor of the district insists upon assessing the firm on the "profits" made upon them. How even a record-producing Company can make profits on a dead loss is one of the mysteries of life which needs elucidation. Assuming the Income-tax man is right, it is evident that if the firm gave away all the records it produced it would enjoy exactly the same profit as if it sold them; which, as our old friend Euclid remarked, is dummed rot. Cannot the Commissioners of Income-tax squelch the unhappy, misplaced efforts of their tax collectors to put an end to the supply of generous gifts to soldiers fighting the nation's battles?

A Welsh Wangle.

Under the time-dishonoured Lord's Day Observance Act of 1677, not only the tradesman who keeps his shop open on a Sunday, but the customer who deals at it, is liable to prosecution. Proceedings against purchasers, however, are seldom taken—which is another way of saying there are few public authorities as foolish and narrow-minded as in the Borough of Aberavon, South Wales, where prosecutions of this kind have been rife for some time. It seems to be the practice of the local police to wait outside shops on Sunday mornings, in the hope of catching strangers to the town who, in ignorance of local perils, have ventured upon the purchase of tobacco or sweets. A fine of five shillings is the usual sequel; but although the little scheme may be to the immediate profit of the revenue, it is highly damaging to the reputation of the Borough, and it won't pay in the end.

Wisdom from Hodge.

"Would not the best defence be to lay one or two German towns in ruins?" asks the Chairman of the Labour Party. What *will* Snowden say?

Selling Up.

The *Agenzia Libera* of Rome has it that the Kaiser has ordered the sale of several of his castles and will contribute the proceeds to the new War Loan. Do they include his castles in the air?

Why?

Why do the Metropolitan Borough of Wandsworth specify in their Form of Tender for the supply of uniforms required by their officials that the articles "shall be made from the cloths, linings and trimmings supplied by Messrs. A. Brown and Sons, Cranbourn Street, W., samples of which, bearing their respective numbers, can be inspected at the Council House, and these qualities only must be used; in the event of Messrs. Brown being unable at any time to supply a cloth or trimming required, a substitute shall not be used until it has been submitted to and approved by the Town Clerk"? Are Messrs. Brown the only people in the trade?

War Profits.

There is a Wandsworth grocer—Frederick Burge, of Earlsfield Road—who has been caught making war profits. When people went to his shop and asked for butter, he sold them margarine. The fine at the Police Court for this enterprise was £20, the Magistrate expressing regret that he was unable to send Mr. Burge to prison. The mulct may induce Mr. Burge to take time to look over his stock, with the object of ascertaining whether any pot eggs have by chance got mixed with his new laid, or any Croydon gravel been blown by contrary winds into his sugar. War profits are well enough in their way; but unless we are a shipping company, a colliery company or a canteen contractor, we must not be too greedy.

Raised Rents.

Our recent exposition of the Rents Act has been widely appreciated, and we are glad to have been instrumental in enabling many tenants to resist unlawful claims on the part of landlords and their agents. Large as our circulation is, however, there is reason to fear that some householders are still ignorant of their rights, and we hear of many instances of increased rents exacted in flat defiance of the Act's provisions. The protection of the poor tenants would have been far more effectual if the Government had seen their way to forbid landlords, under statutory penalties, to raise their rents during the war, except for good and sufficient cause. As it is, ignorance on the part of a tenant may easily defeat the purpose of the Act—a fiasco we have done our best to avert.

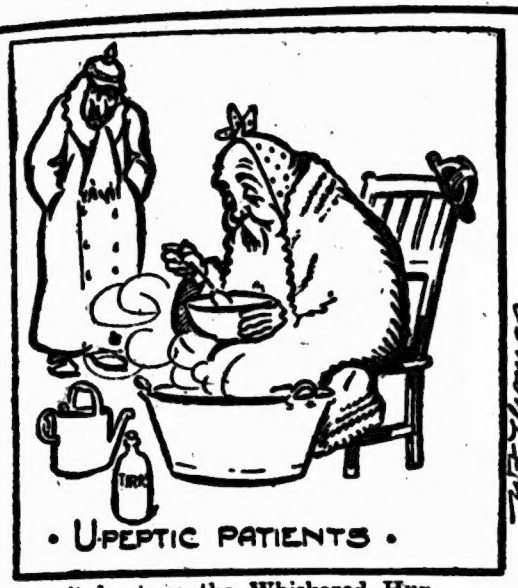
A Fatal Omission.

A few months ago, John Moggach, a Scottish labourer employed in a manure factory, contracted anthrax, a disease to which he ultimately succumbed, leaving an aged mother with a valid claim under the Workmen's Compensation Act. For some unexplained reason, however, the old lady failed to give the employers notice of the accident until after her son was buried, being probably ignorant of her rights under the Act. Upon this ground the Banff Sheriff Court has dismissed her claim to compensation, although admitting that upon every other ground she was clearly entitled to recover. The judgment of the Sheriff is an eloquent illustration of the importance of timely notice in such cases, and a sad commentary upon the ease with which justice may be defeated by the technicalities of law.

Our £1,000 Football Coupon Is On Page iii. of Cover.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."



Can it be true the Whiskered Hun
His work of frightfulness has done,
And now, an invalid, awaits
The call to Hell, and all its hates?

The blessings of the bonus bond
The Stiggins mind are much beyond;
And Chadband will have none of it
Because he hates the fun of it.

A soldier I'm prepared to be,
But save me from the N.C.C.!
If need be, I will face the Boche,
But not the "Cowards' Corps," by gosh!

In vain the Coalition's cooing—
Bold Bowles and Billing are a-doing:
With independent spirit primed,
Bowles tries the wall that Billing climbed.

Like some who joined their married Group,
Lord Derby, too, is in the soup—
With this one difference, that he
From his pledged word could wriggle free.

Markham's as merry as can be
When he can rag Dame Wait-and-See,
Who frequently must feel the lash
When twitted on the point of cash.

War Office Germhuns.

Will Mr. Tennant be good enough to state whether there are any Germhuns, male or female—or persons whose parents are of that outcast nationality—now employed in the War Office? The heads of Government Departments well know what the public feeling is on such matters.

Telephones for Alien Enemies.

By the way, ought not all available means to be taken to prevent the use of the telephones by alien enemies? There are still a large number of unnaturalised Germhuns in the Telephone Directory. If they can use the telephone without restriction, it is obvious that the object of limiting them to a five-mile radius of travel can be easily defeated.

From the Same Stable.

The Times, March 8th, "Luxury has disappeared, to give place to business furniture. Mr. Lloyd George has selected a comparatively modest room on the second floor."

Daily Mail, March 8th, "The room which Mr. Lloyd George is to occupy is elaborately decorated. The curtains are blue, the ceiling is an artistic one."

"You pay your money and you take your choice"—according to the price you pay, whether it be one whole penny or the democratic moiety thereof.

God Bless Them!

From a Sister at a military hospital: "This is a hospital for wounded soldiers, and the boys think the world of you. In various wards your photograph appears, and it is quite a usual occurrence to see one of them saluting it, saying "Good old Bottomley!" Good old Tommy, too.

Hats Off!

Another fine type of Christian is the Rev. C. J. Wilson, of Johannesburg, who recently relinquished his charge to join the South African Army Medical Corps. His example has had the most stimulating effect upon the Rand, and it is said that every eligible member of his late congregation has already followed in his footsteps. All good luck to him—and other parsons, please note!

A New Version.

Here, a "controlled establishment,"
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With strong and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.
Week in, week out, by day, by night,
The sparks fly from his forge,
And his "overtime" is endless now,
For he's working for Lloyd George.

You Can't Afford to be Careless. See Page ii. of Cover.

THE TURNING OF THE WORM.

AWAY WITH COPYBOOKS—OUR EYES ARE OPEN AT LAST!

By the Editor.

So surely as the Allies are marching forward to Victory and Peace, so the great British Democracy is fighting its way to Freedom—freedom from the politician, from all the Party pettiness which has menaced national efficiency—from all the parrot cries and shams which have threatened our Imperial strength and jeopardised our industrial supremacy. Go where you will, listen where you may, in train, in tram—wherever men have a moment for thinking and the time to express their thoughts, you hear the same sentiments—you become aware of the same resolve. It is to make an end after this war—yes, and even before the world struggle is finished, if driven to it—of a system which, bad as it proved in peace, may prove dangerous to the point of disaster in the hour of war. The great heart of our people is sound; the mighty resolve of a nation in arms is proof of its fidelity; but what is called the body politic is rotten. I have done my part—ever since the war cloud burst in a torrent of blood—to maintain the spirit of our people in high resolve to press this struggle through to its ultimate triumph.

The Incurable Optimist.

I see no cause for doubt or misgiving that the splendid men who are holding back the last reckless wave of the Hun in the West will prove equal to the task. The Pessimist is as dispiriting as a wet umbrella; he should have no place in the economy of a brave nation. But the Optimist has his responsibilities. He is a mental tonic; his confidence breeds strength—his belief makes firm in the faith. Yet he must not let his consciousness of our power and his abiding trust in our national destiny raise hopes which cannot be fulfilled. Now I have been confident and cheerful when others have put on the dark mantle of despair; I have kept a stout heart and a smiling countenance when men who ought to know better have been in the doldrums. My creed is a sure faith in our Imperial destiny; my certain assurance that the Great Architect of the universe is using the unstained honour of our people to rebuild the foundations of civilisation on the great peace of the 20th century. But while I know that all is well in the mighty endeavour which the allied forces of Humanity and Progress are making against the dark powers of an enemy who has sold his national honour in the pursuit of Evil, I have never deceived myself on one point. We as a people found ourselves surprised and startled into a great war. We were deceived to the point of damnation; only the great heart of the People made possible a miraculous recovery in the hour of peril.

At the Bar of History.

When the full story of this mighty epoch comes to be written, and when the men who knew and held back the truth are arraigned at the Bar of History, their levity in the face of danger, their deliberate playing with fire when they knew that the great conflagration was near at hand, will prove their eternal condemnation. They will be found Guilty, and the sentence of the Court of Empire will sweep them from the seats of authority and relegate them to that gutter of Party politics whence they will never rise again. The culprits hoped, and their apologists believed, that the reckoning would be reserved until peace once more smiled over this stricken world. I am not so sure. I see the beginning of what I believe will be a great national upheaval which may end in dragging from the posts they have misused and the responsibilities they have betrayed, the men who—unprepared for the war which all the world knew was coming—have muddled and mismanaged in the supreme crisis of our destiny. They had their first note of warning when the stalwart Stanton overthrew the Faint Heart and Conscience Coward at Merthyr Tydfil. Then was given a sign for all to read who had eyes to see; then was sounded a note of patriotism for all to hear who had ears to hear. Cabinet Ministers might plead, Party machinery might try to do its worst—the end was triumph. It was the triumph of a nation's resolve over a Government's weakness; it was the victory of the country's courage over Governmental fear. Our rulers have never realised how stout is the nation's heart for war—how fixed is the nation's resolve to fight the good fight strenuously, manfully, until the hated Hun is humbled to the dust. But the message was unheeded. The eyes of the politician, blinded by prejudice, squinting with a false vision, still did not see the reality of the national resolve. It needed East Herts to give another shock. And what a shock! Some day I will tell you the depths to which the politicians sank in their vain effort to discredit the man who stood for supremacy in the air. Then you will understand the measure of their desperation and appreciate the humiliation of their defeat. My friend Pemberton Billing, if he has not fought with the beasts at Ephesus, has battled with the friends of feebleness and has gripped in a manly grasp the godless band of "Wait and Sees." He has gone to the Commons House of Parliament to make certain that the war in the air is waged with all the vigour and persistence which the brave men who are ready to meet the foe desire, and to put an end to the criminal indecision and hopeless muddle which have weakened our air offensive and have left these islands a prey to the midnight Zeppelin and the aeroplane that dares us by day. The nation has asked, in a note of indignation, why that supremacy in the air which we once held has been surrendered to the foe. East Herts gave it the first opportunity of sending to the Government its message of anger—its demand for efficiency.

A Shock to the Cabinet.

The Cabinet, I say, has had a shock. I wish I could believe that the twenty-three have learned their lesson—that honest dealing with the people and a tremendous determination in the conduct of the war will alone satisfy the national spirit. It is a happy accident, indeed, that other opportunities are being given to the People to demand that the fight shall not be jeopardised

by incompetence, or success hindered by insincerity. The story of the married man is a story which began in muddle, and looks like ending in catastrophe. For want of courage, for lack of straight dealing, the Government trimmed and compromised until they have raised a storm of angry protest which threatens that national harmony and oneness of aim which have been our honour and our glory. I have never disguised my view that if the Government had had the honesty and the courage to demand of the nation a universal consecration to the purposes of this war, and had made compulsion general alike for the trenches and the benches, we should have saved all the bitterness and reproach, all the hard words and the heart-burning that to-day are finding expression on Tower Hill, in Market Harborough and elsewhere. "Trust the People" was a Party cry when I was something of a Radical, but more of a rebel. The shame and the pity of it is that the very men who mouthed those words as a political faith have never had the courage to emblazon them on the banner of patriotism. What is the result?

How they Duped the Married.

Is it too much to say that the married men have been tricked? I do not think it is. They came forward and enlisted—"attested" was the smooth sounding and deceiving description—because they were promised on the word of the Prime Minister, backed by the solemn assurances of Lord Derby, that the single men should be taken first. Now they find that the slim and slimy "Conscientious Objector" is escaping—that the stalwart youth who has sneaked into some so-called "reserved occupation" is dodging his duty, while the only son of the widowed mother, and the father of a family, is being pressed into service or held to his bond. Do you wonder that there is indignation throughout the land? I deplore it; I think it is pitiful that—with victory, as I believe, so near in sight—there should be these signs of disunion, these portents of grave trouble. But it is all the result of want of foresight, want of courage, want of ordinary business sense and organising skill on the part of men who, excellent players of the miserable game of Party politics, are weaklings and inefficients when it comes to playing the great game of war. Yet another by-election is a challenge to what is called the Party truce—I mean the Hyde division, where public opinion is making itself heard against the trickery and chicanery and insults of the Liquor Control Board. I have said it before—I said it at the great Queen's Hall meeting last December, and I repeat—that if it would help to shorten this war by one hour or spare the life of one of those splendid fellows who are risking all at the call of country, I would hold up both hands for the closing of every public-house in the Kingdom. But when we know that these vexatious and arbitrary restrictions are the work of the faddist and the fanatic, then I say the People have a right to protest, and to protest by the only constitutional way open to them—in the polling booth. Our women are splendid—theirs to suffer and wait—theirs to work and watch; they are playing heroine and martyr in a way never before known in the history of the country; and yet their footsteps are dogged, their movements recorded, and an honest woman who drinks a glass of beer is written down a "frequenter of-public-houses." It will not do. I have warned the Government before, and I repeat the warning.

A Nation's Awakening.

The great heart and the splendid endeavour of our people are not to be exploited by the artful politician and the bloodless fanatic. If I may use the simile—and I do so to express the slow but strong movement of a patient nation—the "worm is turning"—the country is big with resolve, pregnant with determination; but it is tired and disgusted with the politician. Who has not read with a tingle in his blood that inspiring call to Imperial resolve by the great man from Australia, Prime Minister Hughes? He knows that the way to win this war is to will to win; he knows that what he calls the deadly cancer of the Germhun has spread its horrible roots into our national life; he understands that only cold, sharp steel, used with the ruthlessness of the butcher, will remove the hideous thing and clean the Imperial body of its foul influence. And, what is more, the British nation knows; and, knowing, is moving slowly but relentlessly to action. Manchester has thrown off the stupid faith, bred of politics, nurtured in the ridiculous school of Party, which would still allow the enemy after this war to flood us with cheap and Hunnish goods, to rob our workmen of their just wages, and rebuild the commercial edifice of the enemy out of the pockets of our people. While the politician slumbers and the philosopher mumbles in his sleep the old and worn creeds which have outlived their day, which may have served well enough in the piping time of peace, the People have become alive to present needs and awake to coming dangers. Let there be no mistake—"The old order changeth, giving place to the new"; the nation has found out the politician and calls for the practical man. For the war that we shall win, for the peace that we shall make, for the great work of regaining our trade and keeping down in the dust of impotence the trade of the enemy, we want the energy and power, the ability and experience of the men who have won their place in the world of commerce and of industry. The nation demands efficiency without fads; Imperial strength built up on Imperial representation in an Imperial Parliament—in a phrase, it demands a sturdy nationalism, free from the canker of the Hun and the corruption of Party politics.

The Turning of the Worm.

Hence all this rumbling in the air—all this stir and commotion. As the end of the war draws near, its great Lesson is becoming manifest. All things are in the melting pot, and only the true metal will survive the ordeal. I often wish that the politicians could see my letter bag—could come to my meetings all over the country. I wish, in short, that they could be made to wake up and come out into the world—first making a bonfire of their libraries and "text"-books and other schoolboy sources of inspiration. Government, as I have said a thousand times, is a Business proposition, pure and simple. Adam Smith, Herbert Spencer, Stuart Mill, David Ricardo, Cobden, and all the rest of them, if alive to-day and asked to tackle the job of this war, would drop dead with fright. And yet these are the men from whom our modern politicians take their orders! Despite all their learned "degrees," not one of them has graduated in the University of Life—which, after all, is the only school which matters. And at last the people's eyes are open. The war has done it. The worm has turned.

ANOTHER GREAT MAN LOST.

WHAT THE COUNTRY AND THE COMMONS HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW.

By Charles Palmer (late Editor of *The Globe*).

To-day there is no room for the axe grinder, no place for the man who uses the Press to force the claims of friends. The touchstone is the national need, and no one who realises the urgent necessity of finding—and, what is more, maintaining—the right man for the right place, unless he be callous and conscienceless, can lend himself to intrigue or cabal. That is why when an attempt was made to rob Lord Kitchener of his great position as Secretary for War there were a few in the Press patriotic enough—and, as it proved, courageous enough—to raise a hand to defend the man who deserved so well of his country. When I am told, as I still am told by those unimaginative and soulless men, the party politicians, that Lord Kitchener has not been the wonderful success some of us proclaim him to have been, and the British public believe he has been, I point to Kitchener's Army. That surely is an answer to all the traducers and intriguers.

The Man and the Job.

Deeds, not words, is the test in war time—by their works ye shall know them; and judged by the only useful standard, the standard of accomplishment, Lord Kitchener, instead of being the failure the politician would have us understand, has proved the Heaven-sent genius we of the common people believed him to be. It is the same with Lord Fisher. I heard that unhappy and infelicitous appeal of Colonel Churchill in the House of Commons the other day, when he asked the Government to replace Lord Fisher in the position from which he was forced to free himself largely because of Colonel Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty. That the soldier ex-minister was sincere in his appeal I have no doubt whatever; that he was unwise in making it I am equally convinced. But what was in Colonel Churchill's mind is in the mind of every patriotic man who cares nothing for Party and all for the State. We want to be certain that neither bad temper nor red-tape is allowed to stand in the way of choosing for any particular job the man best fitted for that job. The way, for instance, in which splendidly capable Territorial officers are being passed into the Reserve to make room for "dug out" regular officers is one of the growing scandals of this war which I hope will be vigorously examined and exposed in Parliament. Surely by this time the Territorial, officer and man, has proved both his bravery and his brains: it is infamous that commanders who have trained their men through long months of arduous and able work should now be superseded not by regular officers who will go with battalions and batteries to France, but by stay-at-homes who are just spoiling the good work that has been done, and who are taking both pensions and Army pay.

A Mysterious Case.

A very particular, not to say peculiar, case of the services of a distinguished and able officer being withdrawn at this time of national emergency is afforded by the retirement of Major-General Long, who before the war was Director of Supplies, and who during the war has won the praise of all for the splendid energy, the business ability and the organising power he has brought to bear on the tremendous problem of maintaining a mighty army in the field and another huge force at home. As I say, this is not the time to hold a brief for any man, and I do not know General Long from Adam. But I know what he has done, and I ask, and the country has a right to ask, why it is that his work has been so suddenly brought to a close. If all I hear is true—and I have no reason to doubt it—General Long, in spite of the views of those sorry wiseacres who even until the eleventh hour believed that war with Germany was "unthinkable," made rapidly ready for "The Day," so that when we sent the flower of our fighting army to Flanders, everything was there to the last button.

Easy-moving Business Methods.

And what was done for the "contemptible little army" which helped to hold back the would-be sackers of Paris has been done ever since. How was it done? By bringing the easy-moving methods of business into a place cobwebbed, as it were, with red-tape. General Long shocked and startled the old fogies of the War Office out of their comfortable armchairs. He was the business-man soldier, the Bottomley of Whitehall; the old gang growled and protested, but what could they do? Nothing succeeds like success, and General Long succeeded. He suggested, and gave commissions to, able business men who were content with the rank of subaltern if only they could do their part in perfecting and keeping going the great business of war. Those who had business to do, found they could do it with the Director of Supplies without circumlocution and delay—that interviews, brief and business-like, were substituted for enervating and endless correspondence; that those terrible forms and still more forms so dear to the "dug-outs" of Whitehall had disappeared as if by magic; that here, at any rate, the era of red tape was ended, and the day of practical business methods begun.

Sir Douglas Haig and Irony.

But over this picture of method and despatch, so foreign to the politician, so startling to the General Staff, a cloud began to gather; there were rumours of a rumpus at the War Office, and this was followed a few days ago by the announcement of the resignation of Major-General Long. Hot-foot came the irony of Sir Douglas Haig's letter to the Under-Secretary for War, which in its every line paid tribute to the work of the Director of Supplies. I heard Mr. Tennant, the other day, read it in the course of his discursive and uninforming speech on the Army Estimates, and I heard his ungracious attempt to deny to Major-General Long the honour and the credit which are largely his, and his alone. "The requirements of the forces," wrote Sir Douglas Haig, the Commander-in-Chief, in his cheery message from the seat of war in the West, "as to food, clothing, equipment and transport have been met from the outset with unfailing regularity, while the quality and quantity of what has been supplied have left nothing to be desired. Our forces in France have been increased from a couple of corps to a large army, but the provision made for their well-being, whether in sickness or health, has continued to be all that could be wished. The result of the strenuous labour devoted to increasing and maintaining this Army is that *all are in good health and good heart, and confident of victory.*" Rather pleasant reading that, isn't it? Now I repeat, the nation has a right to know why it has been so suddenly deprived of the services of the man to whom that message, so full of health and hope, is indirectly a splendid testimony to efficiency and ability. Is he ill? I think not. Is he old? Fifty-two in the Army is to-day comparative youth. Why, then, is he no longer Director of Supplies? Is this more intrigue; is this the outcome of perpetuating methods against which even a strong and a courageous man cannot fight every time and all the time? We are not so rich in capacity at the War Office (or, for that matter, at the Admiralty) that we can contemplate without misgiving the loss of another man of trained experience and proved capacity. There is an ugly look about it all. Why has he gone? Will Sir Henry Dalziel or Sir Arthur Markham—or Mr. Pemberton Billing—kindly put down a question on the subject?

ARE WE READY FOR PEACE?

WE WERE UNPREPARED FOR WAR—WE ARE UNPREPARED FOR PEACE.

BY A. G. HALES.

Are we to go down in history as "England the unready"? We trusted the Government to be ready for war; they betrayed our trust. If we trust them to be ready for the peace that is coming, they will repeat the betrayal. The men of brains and business who stand apart from politics, trickery and intrigue, *must* combine now, and save the situation. They can do it—they need no mandate from Parliament or people to set them in motion. They can form a Parliament of their own for the governance of trade, commerce and manufacture—subject, of course, to the laws of the land—and they can do much even at this eleventh hour to prevent the fruits of the war from passing by our doors and going to foreign markets. Let us leave patriotism out of the question for the time being, and look at it in a cold-blooded way as a mere matter of personal profit. Individual firms working vigorously, but in isolated positions, can do much good, not for themselves alone, but for the whole Empire; but we want something more than isolated effort—we want and must have combination of interests, combination of effort, combination of trained intelligence—each, if you will, with an individual axe to grind, but all ultimately working for the commonweal. Can such a state of affairs be brought about rapidly in the midst of such a period as the present? Yes, I think it can. Great events stir up great activity in a really great people. A worn-out nation goes down and remains down amid the stress of adverse circumstances. In the coolest of craters of extinct volcanoes we find the most flawless diamonds; the heat, the pressure and the volcanic movement make the gems—so is it with nations. We shall rise phœnix-like from the ashes of this war, or we will sink under the monstrous burden of debt the war will entail. Only the trained captains of industry can save us—and they will.

THE GREAT CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY.

The trouble at the present juncture is that each captain of industry is concerned only with his own particular legion. We have thousands of really able men at the head of banking, shipping, mining, manufacturing, and exporting concerns. What we really want is one intellectual giant for a leader amongst the leaders. We have many centurions, we want a Cæsar; there must be such a man in Britain, but he will not discover himself until the lesser leaders meet, and recognise the gravity of the situation. London is the capital of the Empire. London is the only place worthy of such a gathering; it must be a congregation of men made of blood and iron, men who have wrought and fought and wrestled their way upward to success, men of courage and confidence, men of ideals and imagination, who, through long years of relentless struggle, have learnt how to harness theory to the chariot of stubborn fact; men who can look with clear eyes and see things as they are, and yet possess the clarified vision which will enable them to see how much better things may be made by concerted and concentrated effort. No person ever built up a great business without imagination; no merely imaginative man ever created anything worth worrying about.

WHEN PEACE ARRIVES.

The beginning of the economic struggle will date from the day peace is signed, for the world will then be face to face with its debts, a new battle era will begin, and the contest will be as ruthless and relentless in its way as the Homeric struggle for the possession of Verdun. We need to be ready for that day, and I see no signs of readiness in Britain. If the German's power is ground to powder, if his mercantile marine is destroyed, or taken from him—even then it will be a contest of conflicting national interests which may end in the tearing up of many treaties, and the uprooting of many friendships. Happy, indeed, the nation which in those days possesses a united body of highly intelligent trained men, made of blood and iron.

THIS IS THE BUSINESS MAN'S MOVEMENT.

Men of affairs have most bitterly arraigned the politicians; some of them have criticised the conduct of the war from the soldier's view point. Now is the time for them to get in and do things, for the burden is theirs to carry. The workmen of all grades marched away and fought for the property of the men of business; it is the duty of the leaders of great enterprises so to handle things that there will be work for all when peace comes, work without crushing burdens of taxation out of all proportion to wages earned. It can be done. Let me try and point one way as an example, in which I think much can be done to help the whole nation. . . . Germany is trying, and will continue to try, to decimate our mercantile marine, in order that Britain shall be crippled after the war. Is not it possible to form an elastic combination of all our great shipping firms, with an executive empowered to order from America, Japan, and every other ship-building Power, vessels of every class and kind—the aforesaid ships, built in time of war, to be kept by the builder until peace is declared, and then handed over? This could be done on a grand scale, sufficient to keep every ship-building yard in the world busy in our interests, and in that event we would start the new era with a handicap in our favour which would put the merchandise of the world at our mercy. Our own ship-building yards and docks, when not engaged in naval construction, should be kept busy on merchant shipping day and night; vessels specially designed for the Russian trade should be our first care; for the volume of Russian trade with us could easily be brought up to £45,000,000 per annum if we were ready to take the tide at the flood. Mr. Balfour has said we have no available labour in Britain; if that is so, let us import it for mercantile ship-building during the period of the war, and at the coming of peace send the imported labourers home again. I am aware that the building of merchant ships for us in time of war may involve questions of international law, but the men who cannot drive a coach-and-four through any such law deserve to go on foot all their lives. We want all the trade that Germany used to do with Australia, New Zealand, Canada, India and Japan; we want our fair share of the trade with China; that must be wrested from the Teutons—but above all we must make giant efforts to secure the mercantile business. Japan will doubtless get a goodly portion of the trade of Asiatic Russia; that need not worry us, though there are something like 160,000,000 Asiatic, or semi-Asiatic, Russians. We can rest content if we get the trade of the 78,000,000 Muscovites of the better class, who are likely to purchase what we can supply. It is computed that the Russians in Europe amount to about 131,000,000; but for purposes of trade with us, I do not think I am far out when I put the purchasing class down at 58,000,000—if there are more, so much the better for us: but the figures I quote seem good enough for me. Vast quantities of this overseas trade will flow here, and employ our capital and our labour, if we have the ships ready to carry it. Here is a chance for the shippers, backed by the bankers, to prove they are greater than the politicians. Our own colonial trade alone is worth the effort.

THE HONOUR OF THE ARBUTHNOTS.

ANGRY ARCHDEACON'S AMAZING ACTION.

The Venerable G. Arbuthnot, Archdeacon of Coventry, may be a paragon of veracity and all other virtues, and so for aught we know may his wife, his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts, but before the law the oath of an Arbuthnot has precisely the same face value as that of any other human creature, no more or less. This basic fact was forcibly illustrated at the Stratford-on-Avon Police Court, when the driver of a motor-car in which Mrs. Arbuthnot was riding was convicted and fined for "driving in a manner dangerous to the public," the evidence of the Archdeacon's lady, in a contrary sense, being definitely rejected by the Bench. Stung by this insult to the wife of his bosom, and jealous for the tribal honour of the Arbuthnots, the worthy cleric has floundered into print with a lengthy letter of protest to the *Stratford-upon-Avon Herald*, marred, if we may say so, by undue stress upon the personal note. We read:—

> I consider that the Magistrates have besmirched a name which I am thankful to think has been respected in Stratford for more than thirty years. They could not have disbelieved Mrs. Arbuthnot on her oath, or accepted the word of a policeman, anxious, I presume, for recognition by his superiors, and notorious as I understand in the town for his "activity," without doing this.

It will be observed that the possibility of an honest mistake on one side or the other seems never to have entered the writer's calculation, from which it must, we fear, be inferred that the Archdeacon, for all his blushing virtues, is a stranger to the charity that "thinketh no evil." Nor can we in any sense approve the following communication which the Venerable gentleman has since thought fit to address to a member of the Stratford-on-Avon Bench, with whom apparently he was once on friendly terms:—

> When I met you the other day on the Parade, I was glad to greet you as an old friend. Since that meeting I have been surprised to learn that you accepted the word of one of your police as against that of Mrs. Arbuthnot and a lady friend. I feel obliged to say that this alters materially my feelings towards you, and that I feel that any communication passing between us in future must be of an entirely official nature.

To this offensive and improper letter the Magistrate returned a suitably dignified reply. "That I should cease to be a friend of yours," he wrote, "I can bear with tolerable equanimity, if the price of such friendship is to be that I must fail in the discharge of my duty." The rejoinder of the Archdeacon was scarcely a "venerable" production. It ran:—

> I should not have opened the enclosed had I recognised the writing. In returning it I beg to offer my assurance that it has not been read.

We fancy Archdeacon Arbuthnot will live to regret this vulgar insult to a friend whose only offence was that in a situation of some difficulty he had honestly striven to discharge his public duty without respect of persons.

GAOL FOR A GIRL.

PAINFUL STORY OF A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Barnoldswick furnishes a distressing and rather cruel case. A girl of eighteen goes to gaol for two months because she has neglected her four younger brothers and a sister. While we have but scant sympathy for a married woman who forgets her duty to her home and her man, we pity this girl, scarcely more than a child herself. And we pity the soldier-father, serving abroad, when he hears that one loved child is in prison, and the other five in the workhouse. It is enough to break his heart.

Besides, it surely might all have been so different. Was there nobody in the town to lend a helping hand to a girl, deprived of her mother a year ago, and suddenly thrust into a position of responsibility to which she was unequal? A local paper, considering the evidence, "confesses it has heard many worse cases," and the N.S.P.C.C. said the facts had been under notice since June. The Chairman of the Magistrates, when he sentenced her, said so many women had betrayed their trust, that they felt it necessary to make an example. We could wish the example had been made of some worse offender, some woman old enough to know better, and not a motherless girl helpless in her inexperience.

MORE SPECTACLE SPOOF.

GREEN-EYED PATIENT AND PAWKY OCULIST.

Persons with marked defects of vision should be on their guard against eyesight quacks, whose skill and knowledge are usually in the inverse ratio of their advertising bounce. Apart from the touring mountebanks whose methods we have frequently exposed, there are one or two skilled opticians who are much too prone to exceed the legitimate scope of their business, among them Mr. Harry L. Leach, of 210, High Road, Kilburn, N.W., of whose methods a lady reader is able to write from recent experience. Finding that her sight was not as good as formerly, our correspondent called upon Mr. Leach, who first supplied her with a medical prescription and some "drops" for her eyes, and afterwards with two pairs of spectacles at the modest price of £2 10s. Obtaining no relief from these remedies, the good woman next consulted a qualified medical man, by whom she was wisely advised to attend for consultation and treatment at the London Ophthalmic Hospital, where she was told that glasses were of no use for her particular kind of eye trouble, which seems to have been of a transient nature, pointing to no organic defect of vision. Anxious to obtain a final opinion, and remembering the £2 10s. she had paid to Mr. Leach, the lady finally consulted an ocular specialist in New Cavendish Street, W., from whom she obtained this certificate:—

> This is to certify that I examined Mrs. ——'s eyes, and I did not consider it necessary to prescribe any glasses, as her vision was practically normal.

It was thus evident that the patient had been inveigled into buying glasses which were not necessary, and might, indeed, have done her positive harm. In these circumstances she promptly set to work to recover her £2 10s., but "money back" business is not in Mr. Leach's line, and it became necessary to institute legal proceedings. At the Marylebone County Court, judgment was given in the lady's favour, but execution was hindered by the Emergency Act; and when finally leave to distrain was obtained, there were found to be no sufficient effects to satisfy the claim. Seeing that up till quite a recent date the optician was in active business at the above address, this circumstance was more than a little remarkable, the inference perhaps being that the stock in trade was more pretty than precious.

THE HOUSE OF STEWART.

CARDIFF USURER'S "ACCOMMODATION."

"Twenty Pounds for Twenty Shillings," runs the advertisement of Edward Stewart, of 14, Custom House Street, Cardiff. "Money to Lend on your Promissory Note only. No charge made unless business done. Everything strictly private."

A prominent publican, momentarily pressed for a little ready-money, thought he could see what he wanted in the above advertisement, and accordingly applied to Stewart. To what extent this worthy's advertisement was merely a bait at once became manifest on receipt of the following letter:—

> Dear Sir,—Your Application Form has been placed before me, but owing, as you know, to the restrictions placed upon your trade, I am rather chary in doing business with your class unless secured, therefore I should either want a Surety or a temporary charge upon your furniture, and the lowest amount I should care to let you have on this security would be £30, and the rate of interest would be 1s. in the £1 per month. If you think this will suit you, please send me the sum of 30s. towards the travelling expenses, and I will book a special appointment to visit you with the object of making an inventory of your furniture and letting you have the money upon same.

We are aware that 60 per cent. per annum has sometimes been allowed by Judges when moneylending cases have come before them. But his advertised offer of "Twenty Pounds for Twenty Shillings," is calculated to cause would-be borrowers to expect a loan at 5 per cent. per annum, instead of at twelve times that rate. Stewart's assurance that no charge would be made unless business was done reads queerly in the face of his demand for 30s. "towards travelling expenses," which, if advanced, would, in effect, bring the interest on £30 to 65 per cent. per annum. All things considered, we are not favourably inspired by Edward Stewart's advertising methods.

Mothers of Beautiful Children Should See "Everywoman's."

THE WAY THE MONEY GOES.

WHEELS OF EMERY GRIND EXCEEDING SMALL.

Whenever this Government really start out economising with their brain instead of with their jaw, nobody now extant will be able to stop their wild career. They have already got the bit between their teeth, and there are ominous signs that they will soon be going strong. Lest anybody should doubt the truth of this statement, it is our duty to disclose the fact that the Government were recently in need of twenty-four emery pads, known to the boot trade as Naumkeag covers. We don't know enough of emery pads ourselves to know whether they are used to pad the hoofs of the gentleman who represents the War Office in the House of Commons or make a cushion for the Air Defence department to sit on. They were wanted for somebody or some purpose, anyway; and as the usual price in the trade is about 7d. a dozen in peace and 8d. a dozen in war, one would have expected the Government to give the office boy or the washerwoman 1s. 4d. and instruct one or both of them to run out when they had finished playing, and buy the number wanted. But the strong yeast of war economy was working in the official dough, and neither the office boy nor the washerwoman was commandeered. Instead, the Government turned on one of their expert artists to draft a form of tender. This having been approved and duly initialled by the red-tape department, it was sent along to the printers and finally reached the shoe findings houses in Leicester, marked "Very Urgent," prospective tenderers being at the same time officially cautioned that the inability of the railway companies to carry the goods would not relieve contractors from the responsibility of delivering the two-dozen emery pads according to sample. Whether by this time the Government have found a contractor and this very urgent little lot has been delivered, we do not know, but apparently they are not without hope. Meanwhile, they have had another spasm of economy—that is to say, they have just paid £12,000 an acre for the purpose of "extending the Residency at Cairo," and there are rumours current that—in about a month from date, if not before—they will be spending half-a-million on planting mangold wurzels in Timbuctoo, and a million-and-a-half to secure their line of retreat to Jericho.

EDUCATIONAL INJUSTICE.

HARSH TREATMENT OF A SAILOR'S WIFE.

We are seldom unwilling to voice a legitimate grievance on behalf of any member of his Majesty's Forces, but not always are our sympathies so thoroughly enlisted as in a case affecting the wife of a sailor on H.M.S. *Arrogant*, whose statement of the facts we are able to confirm. It seems that for some time past this good woman has been in indifferent health, the task of keeping house and caring for four young children, coupled with some anxiety as to her husband's welfare, having severely taxed her strength. In these circumstances, she had occasionally been compelled to keep her bed, and at such times her eldest boy, a lad of 13, had stopped at home from school to keep an eye on the younger children, one of them a baby of nine months. Hired help being out of the question, it is hard to see what better arrangement could have been made—and, indeed, it is safe to say that unless some such course had been adopted, a serious mishap might have occurred. These considerations, however, seem to have had no weight with the School Attendance officer, who in the temporary discharge of unaccustomed duties, appears to have mistaken truculence for efficiency. To the unfortunate and anxious position of the mother no sort of regard was paid, and although the boy's absences from school had amounted to only some three half-days in a month or more, the case was "reported" to the Gosport Education Committee, who cannot or ought not to have been ignorant of the facts. At a later date the mother was summoned to attend before the Committee. Too ill to go she sent a note, fully explaining the circumstances. However, a police-court summons was issued, and the mother has now been fined ten shillings by the Gosport Magistrates, a sum which she is ill able to afford. On the facts before us, we have no hesitation in saying that the summons was quite unjustified and the fine wantonly excessive.

HONOURS FOR DEAD HUN.

AND A PAUPER'S GRAVE FOR TOMMY.

"What are we fighting for?" was half a groan and half a conundrum when it went up from the trenches some weeks back. The men had been reading some paragraphs in a Liverpool newspaper, and we are not surprised that they voiced so feelingly their criticism of the facts. The paragraphs were two in number. One dealt with the news that a "few" soldiers had been buried in paupers' graves at Birkenhead, but stated that the local authority, "yielding to strong public opinion," had made arrangements to end the scandal. We rejoice that public opinion has been powerful enough to recall the Birkenhead authorities to a sense of what is fitting. The other paragraph which hurt the feelings of the Tommies was a description of the funeral, at Leigh, of a Germhun private soldier, who died in the Leigh internment camp. He was given a military funeral, with a firing party of fourteen English soldiers, and a bugler to sound the "Last Post." Germhun soldiers in helmets were present, and a guard with fixed bayonets. The contrast between that military funeral for a Boche, and the paupers' graves for a "few" British soldiers, was too much for the Tommies in the trenches—and they *groused*. We think they were entitled to. The only bright spot we can see is the indignation of the public, which has ensured that such things shall not happen again at Birkenhead. We are afraid, however, that the blame should be laid, not so much on the shoulders of the local authorities, as on those of the Imperial Government. Time after time we have had brought to our notice instances of the absurd pampering of alien enemies whilst honest, brave British "Tommies" are living—and dying—under intolerable hardships. Broadly speaking, the Hague Convention lays it down that prisoners of war shall be treated in all respects—even as regards pay—as soldiers of similar rank in the armies of their captors. In Germhuny our men are, however, condemned to a dog's life, whilst over here the brutal and degraded Huns—even though taken in the act of attempting to murder civilians—live on the fat of the land and enjoy all the amenities of guests at a first-class hotel!

AN ADDLED ACCOUNT.

HIGH FINANCE AT BROAD GREEN.

We can see as far through a fog as most people, but we confess that the last published balance-sheet of the Broad Green Women's Slate Club presents one or two features which elude our vision. At the first blush, we should have been inclined to congratulate the Club on a "Balance in the Post Office," of one shilling sterling, but our joy is turned to tears when we notice that this encouraging item appears both on the credit and debit sides of the account. By this judicious arrangement the equipoise of the statement is, of course, undisturbed, but it is shocking to witness so prodigal a waste of labour and printers' ink—nor, indeed, can we form a notion as to why a balance in the safe custody of the Post-a master General should in any circumstances be regarded as a debit item. When we come to the question of "undividable balances," we are faced with more teasing difficulties. We can well understand that when a large fund is shared out at 35s. a head, there may be a pound or so over into which, as the schoolboys say, £1 15s. "won't go," but why in the name of sound finance should a balance of this description be entered among the "payments," instead of among the "receipts"? Even in error the actuaries of the Broad Green Women's Slate Club are not consistent. Although there was only one "share-out" in 1915, two "undividable balances" are shown on the balance sheet; one, as we have said, appearing as a "payment," and the other as a credit item of £2 8s. 5d., a sum which, by the ordinary rules of arithmetic, should have been "dividable" by 35, with a remainder of 13s. 5d. We might be disposed to question one or two further items, but for the fact that the balance-sheet, with all its kinks and curiosities, has been "audited and found correct" by a Mr. H. J. Utton, who, whatever else he may or may not be—his address is not given—is presumably some sort of authority on Friendly Society finance. After all, if the members of the Broad Green Women's Slate Club are satisfied, we have perhaps no right to complain.

On Page iii. of Cover You'll Find our Football Coupon.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

Dear Premier,—I am sorry that you have again been indisposed, but I hope that that troublesome cold of yours is better by now, and that you will soon be well enough to face the draughts of the House of Commons. It is evident that in regard to the recruiting problem you are by no means out of the wood, and although the precincts of Parliament are as full of pledges as a pawnshop, nobody seems to know quite where we are, or you are, or where any of us may expect to find ourselves next. I do hope you will soon be in a fit state of health to hurl your massive weight at the problem and to get things sorted out a bit. As it is, I am quite dazed.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, K.G., Secretary of State for War.

My Lord,—I confess to some uneasiness as to the fate of General Townshend and his heroic force, and now that the whole direction of the Mesopotamia campaign has passed to the War Office, I trust we may soon hear of a more active advance towards the relief of the beleaguered garrison at Kut. Meanwhile, there is evidently room for vast improvement in the Medical Service of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, and I hope that recent disclosures in this matter have already received due attention. Only the best is good enough for men who at the call of duty have been ready to give their all.

John Bull.

To General Sir Douglas Haig.

Dear General,—That message you sent, as Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Forces, to the House of Commons the other day has been received with delight from one end of the country to the other. We hear too little about our brave boys at the Front; practically our only information is the Casualty List! But I know that is not your fault. It is one bad result of the stupid idea that the nation's war is only the politicians' business; that one must pay, that our sons and brothers and husbands die, but that no one must ask any questions or expect any news. It is good to be assured—of course we knew it all along—that "all are in good health, and good heart, and confident of victory." *You* at least can understand why I am "more optimistic than ever"—can't you?

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. J. A. Pease, M.P., Postmaster-General.

Dear "Jack,"—Do try and induce your underlings to understand that, after all, we *are* a Business people; you may not believe it, seeing the way the Government is conducting this war, but we *really* are. Why, in the name of common sense, you should have tried a war economy which means that we business men are compelled to wait long hours for our letters or pay a special "search fee" passes my comprehension. This suspension of the forenoon deliveries is playing Hades with trade and commerce. Do get busy!

John Bull.

To J. R. Mole, Esq., Chairman, Board of Guardians Chester-le-Street.

Dear Sir,—You acted in the proper spirit in moving, at a meeting of the Board, that a letter of the Chairman of the Exeter Guardians, proposing that the Government should be solicited to withhold 20 per cent. of the allowances due to the wives and families of soldiers, should be publicly burned, and I congratulate the Board in authorising you to burn it. As I have already pointed out, the proposal of the Chairman of the Exeter Board is insulting and outrageous—based as it must be upon shameful and unfounded slanders against the wives and dependents of those who are doing their bit in the grips of war. The whole are condemned for the sins of the few. Because the few waste, and drink, and stoop to folly, the whole are to be deprived of their allowance, every penny of which is needed more often than not as it falls due. I have no patience with such men.

John Bull.

To Sir Stuart Samuel, Bart., M.P., House of Commons.

Dear Bart.,—I utterly fail to see why the fact of your brother being Home Secretary, and your pleading "too much knowledge of the law," should have enabled you to escape a conviction at Uckfield under the Aliens' Restriction Order. Although the unregistered French governess was a friendly alien, you had infringed the Order in respect of her; and I think it would have been a much more manly course if, after having pleaded guilty, you had taken your gruel without squealing. Begging your brother Justices on the Uckfield Bench not to make you a law-breaker by imposing a fine, but to permit you to fine yourself by sending a "fiver" to the Red Cross Fund, was what I call a snivelling proceeding. How much consideration of that sort would you hand out to some poor beggar brought before *you* for allowing the rays of a farthing dip to shine through a chink in the blind? Kindly note that the Uckfield J.P.s were appointed to administer the law, not to set *you* above it.

John Bull.

To Messrs. D'Abernon and Co., Ltd., Uncontrolled Board, London.

Gentlemen,—I have not yet heard what you have to say about that Avonmouth canteen affair; due perhaps to the fact that such a thundering row has been raised about it. First run on the principles of the pump; then licensed for the sale of beer; then announced as "Open to the Public"; then a common resort during prohibited hours; and then a place where anybody could not only stand anybody else a drink without let or hindrance, for all the world as if it were the House of Commons itself, but also buy a pint of beer a ha'penny under the price charged anywhere else. Of course, the Uncontrolled Board can do whatever they please, for they are a law unto themselves, but do not you think this sort of thing exceedingly horrible? Have you considered how many souls that canteen may lead to the pit that hath no bottom and the fire that is not quenched? One of these days I expect to hear of a policeman moistening his parched tongue at the back of the back door. Oh D'Abernon, D'Abernon tak' a thocht for the day, lest the morrow ye dee!

John Bull.

To the High Admiral von Tirpitz, Berlin.

Mein Tear Tirpitz,—Nodt no more dimes to der Chermhun Admiralty you go, eh? I kno somdings, yah. Der kreat Damliebureau der oder day der hull vorldt dell dot you got der badt koldt haff und doan'dt veel so uber alles all der dimes dot you vonce have; now dot zame Damliebureau dell der drut, hund nodings budt der druth, ven he zay you go vay from your chob vor ever und ever. Dot so it vos, my tear von, isn't? Yah. Vell, vot vor you go, eh? Vos idt nodt richt vos ven I zay der All Highest he sho you der door, vos dot you vish all der neudrals midout varning to sink, und der All Highest He vish to doan'dt? Tvixt you und me und der Vilhelmstrasse I dink He doan'dt der verocious look ov der President Vilson like—budt not a vordt; I zay nodings at all. Von dimes some dimes berhaps I der long vay gome to Berlin you to meedt. Believe me, dare not vos no oder man I zo mooch loff to see hang.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P.

Dear Mr. Lloyd George,—I am glad to have your assurance that "the whole question of alien control of 'British' companies owning British ships is receiving careful consideration," and I trust that drastic action may result. In regard to German shipping in general, you are doubtless aware that the French Associated Chambers of Commerce have already recommended its complete exclusion from allied ports for the period of a hundred years. In this way we should safeguard existing interests and give a useful lead to posterity, and I trust that at the forthcoming Paris Conference, at which you, I understand, are to be the British representative, some scheme of this kind will be unanimously approved.

John Bull.

To Captain William Redmond, M.P.

Dear "Willie,"—I wish I had heard your cheery, manly speech. What a contrast with the slimy slop of Simon! Yes, we have faith in our splendid fellows at the front; we know that the message you bring from them is the true one—full of hope and confidence and pluck; and if only the Government would play fair, neither complainings nor grumblings would ever be heard. "Cheer O!"

John Bull.

Soldiers and Sailors Sing the Praises of the "J. B." Pen.

STYMIED!

LORD DERBY: "Damn!"

WAR SAVING AND THRIFT.

AN EXCURSION INTO POLITICAL ECONOMY.

By B. E. B.

Has anyone got a special brand of coke hammer and a wedge to drive some sense into this head of mine? I have been reading how the British workman ought to economise by refraining from buying luxuries during the war until my head aches, and I feel *so* tired! Because for the life of me I cannot see why he shouldn't spend his own money.

A workman has made an extra £5, or half-a-crown—it doesn't matter which—and he doesn't want Scrip; he wants a piano! It's a darn silly thing, but it's nevertheless a fact that you can play "Auld Lang Syne," or any other old tune on a piano, if you know how to play, but you can only get a "rustle" out of Scrip. The man next door *has* a piano; but the only one that can play it has gone to the front, and having in his mind that when, and if, his son comes back his hands will be more fit to "play a tune" on a fiver than a piano, he *wants* Scrip. The workman buys the piano with his fiver because he wants a piano and don't want Scrip; the owner of the piano gets a fiver 'cause he don't want a piano, but wants Scrip; and the Government get the fiver 'cause they don't want Scrip, they want the money! We've got so far and everybody's satisfied, because they have all got what they wanted; but somebody comes along and says the workman ought to have got Scrip straightaway! Where on earth does it come in? There was only one fiver between the three of 'em, and the one that wants it most *has got it! The Government did not lose a penny by the workman spending that fiver—they could only have it once!*

Oh! I am *so* tired!

Now take the man that has got the superfluous half-a-crown! *He* don't want Scrip; but his old woman wants some hot-house grapes at 2s. 6d. a lb. There's another man has got hot-house grapes at 2s. 6d. a lb., but he wants to sell 'em 'cause the blarmed things go rotten if you keep 'em too long—besides, he wants half-a-dollar to buy a squirt to shoot the nasty little flies on his vine. *He* don't want no Scrip neither, 'cause you can't shoot flies with Scrip (you might "shoo" 'em!), but you can kill 'em with a saucy squirt, provided the water is properly directed (see paper instructions on squirt). There's still another man (a woman comes in later) who *has* got a squirt, but he doesn't want it 'cause he ain't got no vine, but his old woman has got a spotted temper, and he wants to sell that squirt so as to be able to buy her a love token. *He* don't want no Scrip, 'cause a woman can't go about wearing only a bit of Scrip—at least not yet awhile, but you never know. Now the man up the road has got a back comb, with a lot of bits of glass glued on it which sparkle. He don't want that sparkler, 'cause he's had it so long that it sort of hangs fire—and, besides, it has never earnt a penny. *He wants Scrip!* He gets it, and the Government gets the cash.

Now the workman with his half-a-dollar has bought grapes which his old woman wants; the grape grower has bought a squirt which *he* wants; the owner of the squirt has bought a comb which has kept his missus in a good temper for at least two days; the man that had the comb has got Scrip; and the Government has "scooped the boodle"!

If the workman had bought Scrip directly he'd drawn his money, five people wouldn't have got what they wanted—the owner of the grapes wouldn't have got the squirt, the owner of the squirt wouldn't have had a quiet week-end, the owner of the comb wouldn't have got Scrip, and the workman's wife wouldn't have had grapes, colic, free doctor's advice, and a bottle of medicine; and the workman would have got Scrip, *and* the hump!

Where *did* the Government *lose* anything!

Oh! I am *so* tired!

THE MUNITIONS DEPARTMENT.

"BUSINESS IS BUSINESS"—AND A PUZZLE AS WELL.

Should any good business man be tired of spending his leisure at cinemas, theatres, music halls, mothers' meetings or missionary gatherings, he cannot do better than seek a change of air and fun by a visit to the handsome building where the Ministry of Munitions is located. Last week we described the experience of a war contractor who visited its mazy corridors, and our friend's description is now supplemented by another reader, who tells us that it is a large building, and there is a hostelry handy. The hostelry is presumably in proximity because when he has interviewed the Ministry officials he will want a drink. Good luck to him if he gets it! They do not consider the coal bill at the Ministry; a tremendous fire burns in every room, either to roast oxen or boil the kettle for afternoon tea—visitors do not know which. On entering the palatial edifice, a janitor advances and desires you to fill up a form stating your purport on earth. There is no room on the form for stating the nature and place of your birthmarks, so you leave them to be guessed by the authorities. Having filled up the form, you are led into an office in which sits a young man who, judging by his official manner, is probably in one of the reserved occupations. At the moment of your entrance he does not appear to be doing anything in particular or expect to be doing anything while the war lasts, but hopes for a bonus when it is over. This gentleman peruses the form aforesaid, and finding it in accord with Departmental Regulation 16789 B, section 4, sub-section 16, initials it with care and caution, and passes you onward with a wave of his lily-white hand to another young gentleman in another reserved occupation. He also reads the form aforesaid, and likewise places his examination mark in the space provided for the purpose. This done, you are wafted through some more rooms, and eventually arrive at what you would suppose to be, after these elaborate rehearsals, your destined seat at the actual performance. Not so, a thousand times no. The gentleman you perceive, and who perceives you, is a picturesque agnostic; he knows nothing about anything, which is apparently what he is there for. He would be a positivist about form B, 1689–11–14, if he hadn't got it mixed up in his vast brain with form X, 59678–2508, (12–9 x 4.2). Finally you creep out on tiptoe, but wondering what the Lloyd George this queer game of hide and seek has to do with the war, and why all these fit and funny young performers are not in it. How you wish you had the power to sack the lot!

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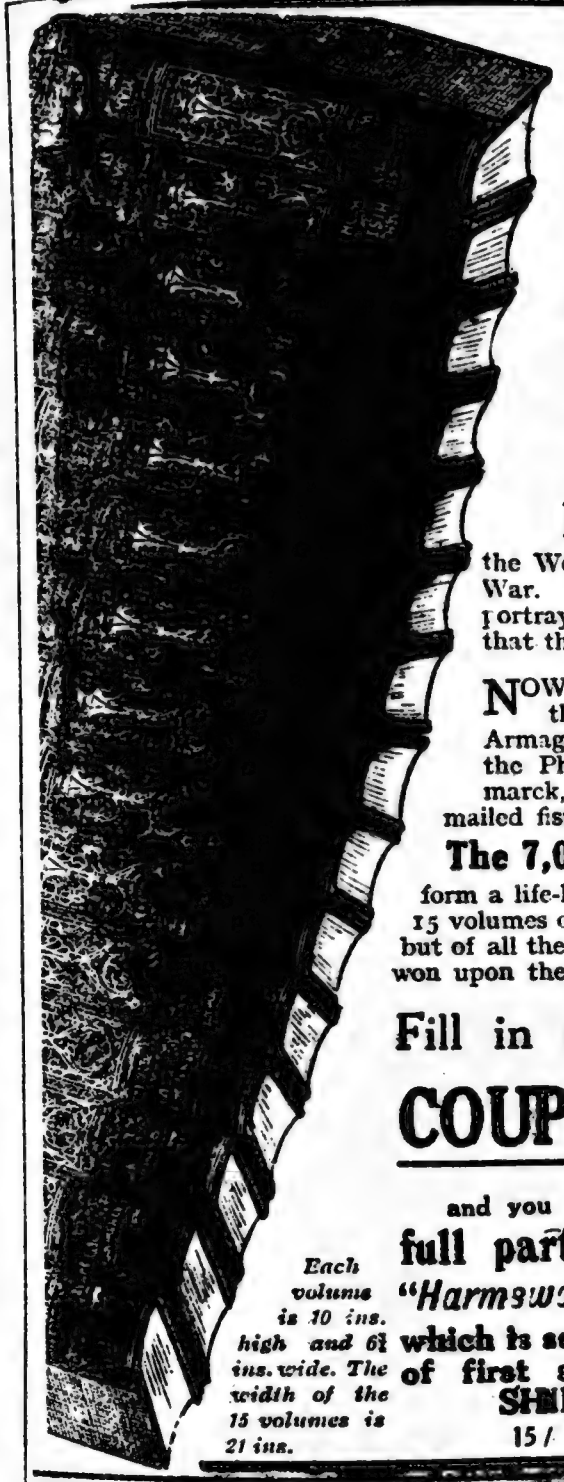

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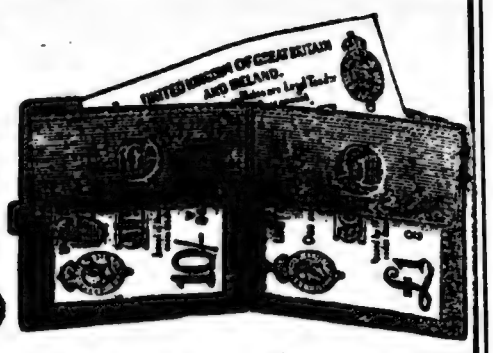

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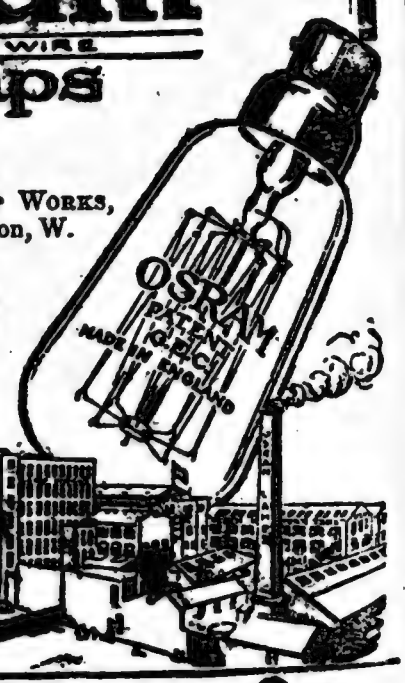

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Do I never see nothink interestin' w'en I'm polishin' the windows of the nobs? Not 'arf! I'm a quick worker. I always shoves me 'ead up slow over the winder sill. *Woffor?* W'y, I don't want to scare anybody wot may be inside, fur one thing, and another thing is, it's partly 'abit.

Seen anythink lately? Well, I *did* 'ave a bit of a startler larst week, now you mention it. . . . Orl right. I'll 'ave another. Shove the money in yre 'bacca box an' pawss it over. *She* won't nobble. . . . I wos goin' ter tell yer. I wos sent round to number 4, Carlton Gardens, the other mornin' to clean the back winders. I shoves me ladder up quietly as per, not wantin' to startle any young gell wot might be gettin' up or anything o' that, lifts me 'ead over the sill an' 'as a cautious look. I wos right in fancyin' it might be a bedroom, but there wosn't no young gell there. There wos a tall, thin ole bloke carryin' on inside in sich a fashion that I nearly fell orf the ladder, thinkin' it must be a bloomin' private loonatic asylum. 'E wos in 'is perjarmers—blue an' yaller stripes—an' w'en 'e 'appened to turn round I reckernized 'is face. It wos Arthur Balfour—*you* know, the First Lord of the Admiralty. *Wot wos 'e doin'?* I'm tellin' yer. 'E'd got 'is arms folded 'igh up on 'is chest an' wos doin' the Sailor's 'Ornpipe in front of the glarss. You should 'ave seen 'im 'aulin' up 'is slacks! I nearly fell orf the ladder fur larfin'! Well, I didn't want to make 'im jump, so I kep quiet. It don't do to startle elderly gents. It ain't kind. So I wos sorter forced to keep me eye on 'im fur a bit till 'e cooled down. Well, arfter about five minutes o' this 'oppin' about 'e set down on the side of the bed larfin' an' torkin' to 'isself. The winder bein' open I could 'ear wot 'e sed. . . . *Wot wos 'e sayin'?* I'm tellin' yer. "Arthur, my boy," 'e ses, "this is good enough for Gilbert an' Sullivan." *'Oo's that?* 'Ow do I know? The on'y Sullivan I've heard tell of wos the bruiser. . . . Enny'ow, 'e goes on like thet fur some time. "Fancy you," 'e ses to 'isself, "wot don't know nothink about the sea, bein' First Lord of the Admiralty, w'ile Jacky Fisher, the greatest admiral since Nelson, is on the retired list!" Then 'e laid 'isself back an' roared. "An' the people put up with it!" 'e ses, sittin' up sudden. "The idiotic public," 'e ses, "puts up with it. Arthur, my boy," 'e ses, pattin' 'isself on the shoulder, "wot a game it is! The biggest war and the biggest Party political wangle in 'istory!"

Just then somethink made me sneeze, an' 'e jumped up an' saw me. So I bunged me washleather on the winder an' started workin'. 'E cleared out arfter that. But yer know, mate, them remarks of 'is, w'en 'e thort 'e wos alone, 'ave set me thinkin', and I ain't at all shore as 'e ain't right—the public's a lot o' bloomin' idjits not to 'ave Jack back.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

PEMBERTON BILLING, M.P.

Good arfternoon, sir. *Shampoo*, sir? Very good, sir. . . . I see, sir—you want a thorough refresher arfter sittin' in the 'Ouse o' Commons a couple of hours on end. I believe you. I orlways want a refresher arfter simply readin' the Parliament'ry reports in the papers! . . . Yessir, I orlways takes it wet, too, but not in the way of a shampoo. Inward, not outward application is more my mark w'en needin' a little stimulant arfter readin' the depressin' footle blown out by the gasbags in Parliament. . . . Enny'ow, it wos a treat to read yore maiden speech. You didn't lose no time, sir, an' I admire you for it. . . . There ain't the slightest doubt, sir, that so far as the Coalition party wanglers goes, East Herts 'urts. But it wos a 'opeful sign fur the country, you gittin' in, sir. Somethink will come of it, I fancy. I wos jolly glad to read the questions you awsked the First Lord on'y larst week, sir. You got somethink outer Dr. Macnamara in reply, but not much. It's true 'e wouldn't—or couldn't—say w'y reprisals 'aven't been carried out on the 'Uns. But I 'ope you'll stick it, sir. Don't give 'em no rest. You've took your seat in the 'Ouse with a 'ell of a powerful mandate from East Herts, an' you 'ave a right to demand information on yore perticler subject, so long as it don't 'elp the enemy. Course, like orl the rest o' them, Macnamara, same as Balfour, is a clever wriggler, an' neether of them won't give their Depawtment away more'n they can 'elp. But it wos pritty plain to me, from Mac's answer to yore question as to w'y orders for reprisals 'aven't bin given, that the stick-in-the-muds are beginnin' to feel a draught w'ere the air service is concerned. Else Mac wouldn't 'ave give you a evasive awnswer. 'E neether sed orders *'ad* bin given, or orders *'adn't*. 'E sed 'e didn't think yore supplement'ry arose outer the question. W'ich, o' course, wos all me eye an' Betty Martin. It's the one question w'ich the country wants awnswered, and I 'ope you'll screw it out o' them. . . . *Am I one o' them wot think you're doin' yore bit as well by sittin' in the 'Ouse as by sittin' in a airyplane, droppin' surprise packets on the 'Uns?* I am, sir, an' that's a fack. Course, I know a lot o' people 'ave sed otherwise. But accordin' to their line of argument, every fit soldier an' sailor at the Wore Orffice an' Admiralty oughter be in the trenches or at sea. There must be someone at 'ome to organise, an' think things out; an' that's w'ere the expert comes in. But the muddlers don't seem to understand thet. W'y, I know of expert ingineers, first-class gents wot joined up in Kitchener's Army, bein' still jest ordinary privates, w'ile chaps wot couldn't tell a ingine from a helephant 'ave bin drarfted into the R.E.'s, given three months' trainin' an' arfter thet, full pay! . . . Well, sir, I wish you luck. If you can manage to ginger up the air departments the country'll 'ave somethink to thank you for. . . . Good day, sir. Much obliged.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

We have had one bombardment by enemy ships and several air raids, each of which seemed awful to the peaceful public—but really, from the campaigner's point of view, we have not even begun to touch upon the fringe of the horrors of war. In fact, if we exclude the families who have lost relatives, we may say that the British public have not yet started to realise what are the effects of war. Several weeks ago JOHN BULL exclusively mentioned that 200,000 men, most of whom had been cooped up awaiting discharge owing to wounds and illness, were to be transferred from the Army to civil life. That our statement was correct has now been proved by a pointed remark in the House of Commons. When the men are discharged the public will commence to understand the aftermath of war. A very large percentage of the soldiers are unfit for any kind of work, and will have to pursue their way in life as mendicants. It may be taken for granted that the vast bulk will receive at most in the way of pensions—if, indeed, they receive any—4s. 8d. a week. Many of them are married men with families, and it is easy to guess what the result will be. Most of our workhouses have been turned into Military Hospitals, but they will have to revert to their old duties. Personally, we fear that swamping demands will be made on our little Fund, which, however carefully administered, may not stand the strain.

We are glad to have been able within the past few months to find work for very many deserving applicants. As a matter of fact, in addition to doing relieving officer work we have been turned by the course of circumstances into an employment bureau. We have on our books at the present time applications for discharged soldiers who would be willing to undertake light duties, and for soldiers' widows who would welcome positions as housekeepers, etc. We should like to fill the places offered, but can only recommend those likely to prove satisfactory. We cannot vouch for persons of the stamp of the woman of smart appearance who appealed to us last week, and said she was willing to take any work that would bring in money, but who turned up her nose at Government employment for herself and her young son, arranged by us, telling the officials that she would require £5 a week for herself.

A soldier's widow has been left with three little children. The husband was killed in France, and her pension is 18s. 6d. a week. Two of the youngsters are very ill, and we all know how heavy expenses are in such circumstances. She sent a touching letter of thanks for the aid we gave her.

We are not among those who wag their heads and condemn the weak. In the first flush of excitement of war, a khaki-clad man and a girl fell in love. The man was hurried to the front before he could take the honourable steps he desired, and was killed. Now his partner has been left with a baby boy to the charity of a frigid world. She appealed to us, and found that we do not walk by on the other side of the road like the censors of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves.

A soldier's widowed mother, who gets no allowance and receives but 2s. 6d. a week from the parish, recently became ill, and her daughter who helped her found herself out of a place. She sought our aid, with success.

A bluejacket was discharged medically unfit for further service as a result of injuries received at sea. He has a pension of £2 5s. 6d. a quarter, which is little enough to keep a home when the good man is unfit to work. He wrote to us, and we took the necessary steps, being always glad to help the sailor, whose mates are among the best supporters of our fund.

Yet another man discharged from Home Service, broken down in his constitution and unable to work. With a wife and two children starving, mental agony was added to his physical disability. We came to his rescue immediately.

A patriotic old chap sent his three sons to fight for us, and one of them was killed at La Bassée last December. He is entitled to whatever pay was due to the poor fellow and to his personal effects; but the old man told us that since the lad's death was notified he has done nothing but fill in forms sent to him by the War Office and the Paymaster, without effect. He was in distress, and we took the steps that our patrons would have desired.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

H. B. H., £1; B. H. M., £1; R. W. W., 1s. 3d.; N. M., 2s. 6d.; H. T. S., 2s.; Mrs. M. H., 3s. 6d.; W. G. F., 5s.; M. S., 6d.; Mrs W. H. H., 2s.; M. B., 1s.; W. C. (Hong Kong), £3; E. H., 1s.; E. A. C., 2s. 6d.; "A Poor Widow of Cowes," 2s. 6d.; W. F., 1s.; A. W., 5s.; P. S., 3s.; "Ebbw Vale," 1s.; "A Reader," 2s.; "Elswick Labourer," 1s.; "Ruby and Jack," 3s.; "One of the Boys," 1s.; Mrs. E. B., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; T. M., 1s.; J. and R. K., 4s.; Mrs. B. J., 6d.; R. S. M., 2s.; Y. B., 2s. 6d.; M. M. W. (Hove), £5; E. M. (Buenos Aires), 15s.; "Horse Artillery Man's Widow," 5s.; L. H., 2s.; L. S., 6d.; C. S. (parcel); H. C., 2s.; M. E. B., 2s. 6d.; "Peggy," 2s. 6d.; M. F. A., 2s. 6d.; D. M., 2s.; A. S., 1s.; W. S., 1s.; "Winkum," 5s. 6d.; G. R. W., 2s. 6d.; "South Ealing Reader," 6d.; "Nine of Hearts," 3s.; G. N. S., 1s.; P. J., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. S. J., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. G. H., 1s. 3d.; A. W., 1s. 6d.; "A Chelsea Girl," 5s.; C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s.; G. A. Y., 5s.; R. W. C., 1s.; "Constant Reader" (Petersfield), 1s. 6d.; "Irishwoman," 11s. 6d.; Mrs. W., 2s. 6d.; "Butterscotch," 10s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.

Mr. Wm. Frecar, the winner of the First Prize in "Bullets" Competition No. 178, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises.

TONDINGTON.—Mr. R. E. Deal, Station Road, 2s. 11½d.

BRISTOL.—Mr. W. G. Watjen, "Ye Grotto," 3d.; Mr. C. H. Attwood, "Little Bottle," Redcliff Hill, 1s.; Mr. E. B. Haynes, "Albion Hotel," Cumberland Street, 2s. 10d.; Mr. C. R. Burrows, "Hope and Anchor," Clifton Place, 2s. 11d.; Mr. W. Joyce, 165, West Street, Bedminster, 3s. 5½d.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. James Taylor, "Park Palace Hotel," Mill Street, 5s. 6d.

CARDIFF.—Mr. R. V. Esnouf, Cardiff Motor School, 10, St. John's Crescent, Canton, 4s. 10d.; Mr. L. J. Griffiths, Griffiths Temperance Hotel, Caroline Street, 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. N. Wood, Mercantile Stores, Clarence Road, 7s. 6d.; Mr. V. Webb, 48, Principality Building, Queen's Street, 3s. 8d.

The M.O.

(The Medical Officer.)

"As a critical professional man most of my actions are the result of reason. For instance, I bought Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes because I noticed they are manufactured by a Firm established for three centuries, and in my opinion they of all people, after that length of time, should know something about Cigarette manufacture. The results justify my reasoning, for they really are excellent Cigarettes."

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PLEASES THE MOST CRITICAL.

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INTERESTING ALLINSON COMPETITIONS for everybody—Grown-ups and the Kiddies, too!

THE splendid Allinson prizes, announced below, will undoubtedly call forth admiration from all classes. There is something to meet all tastes—Art Lovers—Musicians—Housewives, and the younger folk. The **greatest prize of all** is undoubtedly the Health and Strength provided by genuine Allinson Wholemeal Bread. Made from the choicest Wheat, it is stone ground by a patent process to the ideal degree of fineness, assuring a maximum of digestibility and appetising flavour. Try this Bread of Health to-day and at the same time collect the bands, which entitle you to one of the Allinson Prizes. For your health's sake and in order to gain a prize, **see the band on every loaf.** On sale everywhere.

Reg. Trade Mark.

FREE SAMPLE LOAF.

Send 4d. stamps (to pay carriage) for free sample loaf, N. F. Biscuits, free illustrated booklet on "Bread and Health," address of nearest Allinson Baker, and particulars of prize competitions. For 1s. a 3½ lb. trial bag of Allinson Wholemeal will be sent in addition to above.

Allinson Wholemeal Flour is packed in 3½ lb., 7 lb., and 14 lb. bags, containing "The Homely Cook" book of useful recipes for making all kinds of fancy cakes, pastries, and bread.

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"THE WINDMILL"

By Mrs. Alicia Adelaide Needham.

For the time being this popular Composer's latest song success can only be obtained from the Proprietors of Allinson Bread in exchange for twelve of the paper bands found around each Allinson Loaf.

Start saving your Wrappers to-day and add this charming song to your music collection.

HOUSEWIVES' COOKERY COMPETITION

We offer monthly Cash Prizes (value £10) and many Consolation Prizes for the **greatest number of wrappers sent in.**

Use Allinson Wholemeal Flour and compete in the monthly Home Baking Competition for cash prizes value £20. Particulars, with useful recipe book "The Homely Cook," are in every bag of Flour, or sent free by the Proprietors.

CHILDREN'S PAINTING COMPETITION

A jolly Painting Book free and prizes value £50, open to every boy and girl who eats Allinson Bread. Any Allinson Baker will hand you one of these Painting Books which contains all particulars.

If there is any difficulty in obtaining a copy, send a penny stamp to the Proprietors.

"THE MILL"

Rembrandt's Famous Painting.

We offer Allinson readers a **perfect** reproduction in colours (15½ by 13) of Rembrandt's "Mill," justly accounted his greatest masterpiece, in exchange for twelve (12) of the paper bands which surround every genuine Allinson Loaf.

Send the wrappers with name and address, and the picture will be sent post free.

The Monthly Competition for Allinson Bakers guarantees the standard of Allinson Baking and offers valuable Cash Prizes. 139

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Dispensed Post Free.

Sick Headache, Pains in the Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Liverishness. (Formula 2,035.)

Will relieve bilious attacks, sick headache, and some forms of bowel indigestion. Price 1/1½ (144) or 2/9 (432).

Barbadoes Aloes, 1 grain
Capsicine, 1-10th grain

Kidney Irritation, Gravel, Smarting Stricture (Urethritis, Cystitis, &c.) **(Formula 232.)**

Cubebs, ½ grain
Venice Turpentine, ½ grain
Copaiba Balsam, ½ grain
Colchicum Extract, ½ grain
Grael Nut Root, 1 grain
Podophyllin Root, 1 grain

Possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Prostatitis. Price 1/1½ (50) and 1/11 (100).

Heart Weakness, Palpitation, Giddiness, Noises in the Head. (Formula 632.)

Digitalis, ½ grain
Nux Vomica Extract, 1-16th grain
Gentian Extract, 1 grain
Dandelion Extract, 1 grain.

Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).

Huskiness, Sore Nose, Throat, and Chest, Tightness of the Chest, Cough. (Formula 331)

Camphor, Opium, Benzoic Acid, of each ½th grain
Licorice Extract, 2 grains
Aniseed Oil, 1-10th drop
Pine Wood-Tar, ½ grain
Creosote, ½ drop.

Makes a good lung tonic for the weak-chested, especially for those recovering from colds, pneumonia, etc., who cannot get rid of their cough. Not for children. Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

Stuffiness in the Nose, Loss of Smell, Dry Throat, Cold in Head. (Formula 329.)

Sodium Biborate, 10 parts
Sodium Bi-carbonate, 10 parts
Phenol, 1 part.

Removes the stuffy feeling. 1/1½.

Psoriasis, Scaly Eczema, Scurf, Alopecia (Bald Patches). (Formula 850.)

Perchloride of Merc., 8½ grain
Creosote, 18½ drops.
Zinc Ointment, 2 ounces.

Price 1/1½ and 2/8.

Sallow Complexion, Blackheads, Pimples, Dull Eyes, Eczema. (Formula 442.)

Charcoal, ½ grain
Dried Sulph. Iron, ½ grain
Calcium Sulphite, ½ grain
Nux Vomica Ext., 1-16th grain
Gentian Extract, 1 grain.

In one tablet, with directions. Dose: 1 or 2 pills 3 or 4 times a day. Price 1/1½ (72 pills) and 1/11 (144).

Pains in Limbs and Joints, Stiffness, Swollen Toes and Fingers, Gout. (Rheumatic Arthritis.) **(Formula 74.)**

Colchicum Ext., ½ grain
Blue Pill, 1 grain
Extract Hyoscyamus, 1 grain
Comp. Rhubarb Pill, 1 grain
Methylene Blue, 1-5th grain.

Price 1/1½ (72) and 1/11 (144).

TO PREVENT LOSS OF WEIGHT, WEAKNESS, &c., AND "THROW OFF" COLDS. (Formula 552.)

Zinc Phosphide, 1-20th grain
Lecithin, 1-5th grain
Calcium Hypoph., 1-5th grain
Soda Hypoph., 3-10th grain
Potas. Hypoph., 3-10th grain
Casein, 1½ grains

In one tablet. Dose: 1 to 3 tablets. Children may take half tablet.

Price 1/1½ (36 tabs.) and 2/8 (144 tabs.

Drug, Alcohol and Tobacco Victims. (Formula 1,073.)

Quassia Extract, 1 grain
Peppermint Oil, ½th drop
Sugar Base, sufficient.

With directions. You cannot enjoy either tobacco, alcohol, or drugs with one of these health-giving tablets in your mouth. Stops the craving.

Price 1/1½ (72 tabs.), 1/11 (144 tabs.).

Excessive Stoutness, Flabby Limbs, Big Stomach. (Formula 314.)

Extract of Seaweed, 4 grains
Potassium Iodide, ½ grain
Thyroid Gland, ½ grain.

Price 1/1½ (36) and 2/8 (144).

In addition take a saltspoonful of Marienbad salt (formula 616) before breakfast, and massage with oxgall soap (formula 986) in a hot water bath thrice weekly. (These cost 1/1½ each.)

Rash, Ulcers, Eruptions, Hard or Soft Sores, Swollen Glands. (Formula 838.)

(Deeper Seated Blood Impurities.)

Potas., Soda, Iron, Quinine
Mercury Iodides, sufficient
Mercuric Chloride, 1-64th grain
Nux Vomica, ½ grain
Stillingia, ½ grain
Jucaranda, ½ grain
Sarsaparilla, a trace.

Price 1/1½ (36), 2/8 (144).

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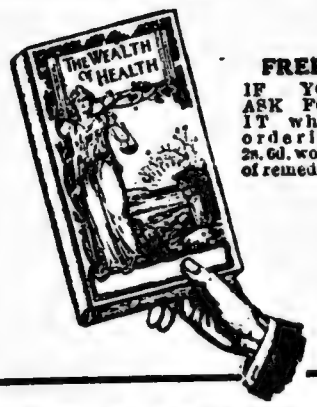
All my formulas are open to all: no secret drugs. My ABC list of pains and symptoms shows you what is wrong and the medicine. All can understand its 256 pages of sound Medical Information. Post free 1s. 3d., or FREE to 2s. 6d. customers IF ASKED FOR.



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Sold everywhere, 6½d. each.

Ask for
EXCELDA
Soft Collars and Fronts.

BE SURE you get
EXCELDA
See name on each Handkerchief

"TIZ" Cured my Sore, Tired Feet.

"Oh! Girls! Don't have puffed-up, aching, perspiring feet or corns.—Just Try TIZ."

"TIZ" makes my feet just dance."

Ah! what relief. No more tired feet; no more burning feet; no more swollen, perspiring feet. No more pain in corns, hard skin, bunions, chilblains. No matter what ails your feet or what under the sun you've tried without getting relief, just use TIZ.

TIZ is the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet; TIZ is magical; TIZ is grand; TIZ will cure your foot troubles so that you'll never limp or draw up your face in pain. Your shoes won't seem tight and your feet will never, never hurt or get sore, swollen, or tired. Think of it, no more foot misery; no more burning corns, hard skin, or bunions.

Get a 1/1½ box at any chemist's or stores, and get instant relief. Get a whole year's foot relief for only 1/1½. Think of it!

"Who's your Pal?"

Why, the man who smokes Bondman. He shows his taste in choosing this rich, ruddy Virginia. Pouring out delicate fragrance Bondman is welcome everywhere—even in the drawing-room. Bondman smokes slowly and evenly and lasts much longer than most tobaccos.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

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(4½d. & 1½d. war tax)

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BONDMAN
Rich, Ruddy Virginia TOBACCO.

Acute Stomach Catarrh.

Completely Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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Mr. Edward Jones, 1, Riding's Yard, Wood Street, Middleton, Manchester, says:—"My trouble came on with pain after every morsel I ate, and soon I was too ill to work. I had medical treatment at home, and was then sent to hospital. There I was kept on special foods, for I could take nothing solid. Sometimes I threw up even my medicine. And I was in terrible pain; could not sleep for it. After three months in hospital I went to a convalescent home for a fortnight, and then came home. I was not cured, but perhaps a little better, so I offered myself as a recruit, but was discharged again. I was still suffering when I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, but after a few doses I felt better and went on improving so fast that soon I was able to work. I am now as fit as ever in my life."

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic Value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	**Sleeplessness**	**Mal-Nutrition**
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Spinal Paralysis	**Kidney Disease**	**Palpitation**
Infantile Paralysis	**Indigestion**	**Premature Decay**
Nervous Debility	**Stomach Disorder**	**Loss of Flesh**

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers, and During the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY sent on receipt of name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Box B.Y. 24, Chester Road, Manchester.

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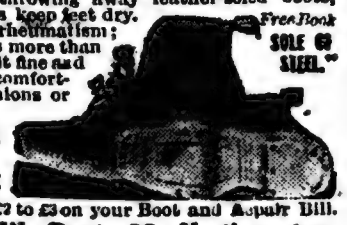

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Send for my free book, 'THE SOLE OF STEEL,' and learn how to save £2 to £3 on your Boot and Repair Bill.

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"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

TOMMY'S TEETH.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Dental Aid Fund, located in Leicester Square, which has the support of Queen Alexandra, H.R.H. Princess Victoria, and H.R.H. Princess Louise, has done good work since the early stages of the war, in looking after the soldiers' teeth. We sent them many patients at the officials' request, and gladly acknowledge their services, even to the supplying of dentures which would have cost much money if obtained from private practitioners. Some time ago the Managers of the Fund induced the Admiralty to look after the dental requirements of recruits for the Navy. Now we find that the War Office have undertaken to do all such work for men on active service, but the Director-General has written to the Committee saying that he does not consider that artificial teeth are necessary for the Home Army—therefore the Fund comes to an end. Ye gods! To-morrow the Home Army will be the Army at the front, and will have to eat Army biscuits and other delicacies which play havoc with the finest teeth.

A SEQUEL.

The Army authorities, having been given the care of Tommy's grinders, they may be interested to know that in the South of Ireland, Tommy in the care of the dentist is receiving much the same treatment as was experienced by the combatants in the American Civil War when in the hands of the gentleman of the forceps. The patient's head is held by one fellow, his legs by several others—and the operator goes ahead. We can imagine the poor sufferer's yells. But who will supply the teeth to replace those drawn?

ONLY AN OLD SOLDIER!

Five weeks ago we commented on the unfair discharge given to a Tommy out of the Army Service Corps, the character endorsed by some gay and festive Major being "I know nothing against this man." When our paragraph appeared, the victim was asked to send back his parchment for rectification. It should have been returned to him at once, but it has not shown up yet. Time after time since the poor fellow has called upon us, stating that he has been offered employment which has subsequently been refused because he cannot display his Army discharge. We invite Mr. Tennant to apply to us for a statement of the circumstances of this case.

ANOTHER HINT TO THE UNDER SECRETARY.

At a camp away down in the South is an officer who before his elevation was a mere War Office clerk. He was sent down as Temporary Hon. Lieutenant, and lent to a regiment as a Quartermaster. He has now been appointed Acting Adjutant over the heads of all the other officers who, quite naturally, are on their hind legs about it—in fact, they have shoved back their shoulders and are howling with rage. A nod should be as good as a wink in this case.

RATHER STRANGE.

When a man is called upon to join his regiment he is provided with a free railway warrant. We have several letters from a district in Scotland, telling us that the warrants issued by the Recruiting Officer for a journey of 11½ miles are made out at 2s. 3d., whereas the Railway Company's list of fares shows that the sum should be 11d. There is food for thought here.

AN ENGLISH—GERMHUN.

The boys of a Company of the A.S.C., at Aldershot, are up in arms because a man of Germhun parentage has been sent to soldier with them. We remember much that has been said and written about men of the blood and their descendants, and our sympathies are with the objectors.

HELPING THE HUNS.

We have several times commented upon the fact that when some of our units come out of their trenches to the rest camps and billets behind the lines, they are compelled to shine their boots and highly polish their brass. Should there be a speck of mud on the footgear or a bit of tarnish on the brass, the unfortunate devil is "crimed" and heavily punished. We have received a letter with many signatures—we have been sent many such—pointing out that shiny buttons on accoutrements draw the enemy's fire, the result often being many unnecessary deaths. We suggest a General Order being issued to the "spittle and polish" old officers who insist upon our war dogs turning out like well-groomed turkey cocks. In South Africa we painted our scabbards khaki.

WORTH INSPECTION.

We should rather like the General Officer in Command to visit the camp at Breesheam, near Whitchurch, Salop. As we give him credit for being a man of intelligence, we promise him that he will soon find many things that will make him "think furiously," to copy the phrase of our French ally. The Defence of the Realm Act prevents us from saying more. We make a similar suggestion in connection with the camp of the Machine Gun Corps at Grantham; and should the General Officer act on our hint, he might be accompanied by the P.M.O.

BILKING THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

The wife of an Artillery Driver recently received an intimation that her husband had been killed in France. The War Department story was to the effect that he was passing from one carriage to another of a train while in motion, when he fell off. As usual, the pension was refused on the ground that the accident was caused by the man's own fault, and that he did not die on military duty. The Commander of the poor fellow's battery, meantime, wrote a sympathetic letter to the widow, telling her that her husband had been kicked out of a truck by one of the battery horses. He added, "He died while doing his duty, and his death should be mourned as if he had fallen on the actual field of battle." If Mr. Tennant does not give attention to this case, we are sure his Majesty the King will when approached.

OUR NEW OFFICERS.

We are glad to note that the authorities are now selecting suitable N.C.O.s and men of the Expeditionary Forces for commissions—a step which we strongly advocated early in the war. We should like the Department, however, to give Commanding Officers strict orders to do all in their power to expedite matters in this connection.

MISSING.

News is wanted of the following men:—

Pte. W. J. H. Lang, 14419, A Co., 8th Devons; Trooper W. A. Buffham, 8267, 1st Royal Dragoons, attached 1st Life Guards; Pte. H. Garvan, 9020, 4th R.F.; C.S.-Major A. Clemens, 8470, D Co., 6th Yorkshires; Pte. E. Victor Smith, 6517, B Co., 2nd Buffs; Pte. G. Payne, D Co., 8th Buffs; Pte. E. Rusted, 15995, C Co., 7th Northamptons; Pte. Taylor, 5481, 3rd R.F.; Pte. E. J. Butler, 11492, D Co., 7th Gloucesters; Pte. H. Hooper, 10490, B Co., 7th Gloucesters; Pte. J. W. Simpson, 15592, C Co., 9th West Yorks; Co. Q.M.S. Geo. Scott, 9954, 1st Seaforth Hdrs.; Pte. T. Taylor, 14164, A Co., 14th D.L.I.; Pte. G. Chapman, 8008, C Co., 2nd R. Munster Fusrs.; Pte. C. Ellis, 753, B Co., 6th R.W. Kents; Pte. P. King, 930, A Co., 5th Connaught Rangers; Pte. T. J. MacInerney, 7934, D Co., R.I.R.; Ch. Vowles, 185353, 4th Platoon, Howe 2nd Batt., R.N.D.; Pte. R. Fletcher, 3224, A Co. 2-4, East Lancs Rgt.; Gr. W. Cooper, 29281, 68th Battery, R.F.A.; Pte. J. West, 1431, D Co., 8th Batt., Buffs.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS submitting MSS. for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS. so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

T. P. S. (W. Kensington) suggests public meetings all over the Kingdom in favour of that Dictator.

J. G. H. (Leatherhead).—We have not the smallest faith in the Government's preachments on economy. We regard them as bosh, bunkum, and blarney.

J. H. G. (Hooley Hill) hopes some day to see a daily JOHN BULL. So do we.

A. P. W. (Toronto).—You are the goods as a lecturer. "Why," you ask, "don't you not only hit at everything but keep at them?" We thought we were fervently frequent and fearfully free.

"MAPLELEAF" (Whitcinch).—Shipowners have increased their rates step by step, and the steps were long ones, without much time between them. For months to come their rates are booked to rise, and the price of commodities increases accordingly. If it is true that one boat cleared £70,000 by a single voyage, the owners should be made to disgorge, for the money comes from the pockets of the people.

F. E. B. (Ramsgate).—We certainly think that Andrew Lynch, the joiner who was fined £20 for writing "Long Live the Kaiser" and "Success to Germany" in various places in Portsmouth, should have been either hanged or placed in an asylum, for obviously he is a traitor or a lunatic, upon neither of whom fines have much effect.

"A PARISHIONER" (Much Wenlock).—We are not in the least surprised to learn of clergymen who, disapproving of whist drives for the benefit of the Red Cross Fund, yet have no scruples against hiring out tea urns for such functions at a few shillings a time. Such men make their nobler fellow-clerics stand out the more brightly.

MRS. M. S. (Halifax).—We can quite understand your brother's indignation against so-called conscientious objectors, Quakers or otherwise, but there is such a demand on our space that we have a conscientious objection against printing his verses on the subject.

"BEE" (Valley).—*Civis Britannicus sum*, being interpreted, meaneth "I am a British citizen."

D. McC. (Belfast) believes there's Irish blood in us. Hooroo!

C. L. (Blackburn) and OTHERS.—Although by an accident of the ballot A114412 was one of the drawn numbers in respect of our issues of February 26th *and* February 19th, no payment is, of course, made to readers pointing out the coincidence. What is required is—as stated in the conditions—the *outer cover* bearing one of the selected numbers announced in the following issue.

"IVANHOE" (London, S.E.).—"Horatio's Slogan" received and read.

H. E. B. (Denbigh).—So there is a new race of young preachers springing up at Bala and other Welsh Nonconformist training schools, whose slogan is "Home Rule for Wales." The hot balloon juice which they emit may be ignored. Wales, as a whole, is sound for the Union.

"ARO" (Southampton).—We have never yet been a judge in the strictly legal sense, but, as your friend contends, we certainly have passed some pretty severe sentences on various offenders at divers times, not excluding hanging.

C. H. (Nelson) does not think the Kaiser would like to catch us bending, "for Satan trembles when he sees the weakest Saint upon his knees." We cannot imagine even the very weakest saint on Satan's knees.

"A SPADE FOR A SPADE" (Douglas) says: "The gag of 'Don't touch the working man's beer' is only a red herring to blind him." We know there are red herrings that can deafen with their hum, but it is news to us that there's a sort that can blind with its brilliance.

A. G. (Willesden).—We are neither aware that there is a variation in the width of the khaki armlets, nor, if so, what it means. It is impossible to believe that the Government have actually begun to *practise* economy. They have not done preaching it yet.

"SUBSCRIBER" (Kent).—We are not short of air-craft because we are short of money, but because our noble "Wait and see" Government was short-sighted. Now it is getting short-tempered about its own shortcomings.

"NONCONFORMIST" (Wales).—We have seen no report in any paper to the effect that H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* is armed with 17-inch guns. But it does not therefore follow that she is not.

"WORKMAN AND MATES" (Elswick).—By all means let Brocks, the firework experts, devise some means of giving the Zeppelins Paine.

W. B. M. (San Francisco).—It was only to be expected that the British colony in Frisco would have an unutterable contempt for the renegade Dr. Aked, who at present pollutes the air they breathe.

"ONE OF THE OLD 7TH."—They passed that "pure-bred German" for non-combatant service because it releases another man to fight. Born in England, he is English. A man born in Yarmouth, you know, is always a bloater.

"MULTUM IN PARVO."—The "War Bonus" granted to the Corps of Commissionaires seems in effect to be to make the men pay 7d. a month more in subscriptions, and to fine them 2s. unless they march to church like children.

R. S. (Dunfermline).—General Joffre was and is in supreme command of the Allied troops on the Western front.

"CONSTANT READER" (Haverfordwest).—If you know dozens of cases in your town where men in good work are drawing allowances as dependents, whereas their sons never did support them, it is your duty to report this robbery from the public purse.

"ZENA" (Nottingham).—Quite time your Corporation used up the last of those gas mantles "made in Germany," which they purchased before the war.

"PATRIOT" (Llanrwst).—Judging by your letter, North Wales must postively stink of uninterned Boche hotel managers.

DVR. R. C. (B.E.F., France).—Soldiers home on leave should not babble about military matters to *any* barber in Willesden or anywhere else—excepting, of course, our own Barber in the neighbourhood of Westminster. He, we *can* vouch, is not a German naturalised British subject, or G. N. B. S.

J. F. (Hyde) complains that the Chief Constable has hidden Hyde in the dark. That's nothing. Londoners can't find London in the dark.

"GORDON" (Glasgow).—"Why is Ireland exempt?" Because Mr. Redmond issued Parliamentary instructions to that effect.

"CHEMIST" (Hampstead).—Only naturalised aliens or those of British birth can now change their name.

"COUNTRYMAN" (Craylands).—"You always write Germhuns; why not Austrihuns?" Will try to cultivate the habit.

M. W. (Horsham) wishes Mr. Bottomley were Prime Minister. So do we; he would be prime.

W. W. D. (S. Godstone).—We don't know why the *Weekly Dispatch* of February 27th should include Lord Haldane in the Cabinet.

"OLD READER" (Bradford).—Very kind of you. The Rev. W. J. S. Muntz has since modified his remarks.

D. J. (Liverpool).—There are supposed to be air-stations along the coast already. We do not think it would be wise to light coastal beacons as raid warnings.

MRS. B. D. AND MRS. L. A. (New Bilton).—Without question, there is a great deal more waste in British households than in French ones through lack of economical cookery knowledge.

"MARRIED MAN" (Haworth).—Lord Derby's two sons are serving in the Army.

"DIANOEISTES" (Woolwich).—Your figures in regard to the wastage at Woolwich Arsenal in the matter of War Bonuses are extremely interesting, but our space is too limited at present for detailed publication of them.

"BRITISH" (Carlisle).—"Signalling by searchlights" ought to be "looked into" undoubtedly. Mention it to a policeman.

F. T. F. (Shepherd's Bush).—Councillor Hanson is legally entitled to resign from the local Tribunal and advise clients as to exemptions.

C. R. A. (Jasmin, Can.).—We get any amount of Yankee pro-Germhun literature. Thanks all the same.

J. W. G. (Manchester).—"Wagon" is the only spelling in the "Authors' and Printers' Dictionary" (Frowde), the proofs of which were passed by the leading authorities.

E. G. C. (Harlesden).—No doubt the pay of many munition workers is "rotten." Unfortunately we cannot show up every individual one of them.

W. H. (Poplar) claims at 67 to be the oldest English-born London barber. He has never shaved at cut prices, we hope.

Who'll Rebuild Your Home? See Page ii. of Cover.

"RANGOON."—Yes, we have had our little differences with the National Cash Register Company, but that does not alter the fact that you appear to have made a quite satisfactory bargain in regard to the machine you are buying.

FRANK ALLEN (41, Bridgeman Terrace, Wigan), a paralysed reader, will be glad of any paper-back novels other readers send to him.

J. H. W. (Stockton-on-Tees).—Call us a Scotchman, but we don't see the joke.

A. B. J. (Grimsby).—We recommend you to give the Direct Drapery Co., 77, Lever Street, Manchester, a wide miss.

MESSRS. LINNELL AND MAY (Builders' and Cabinet Makers' Hardware Merchants, 34, Suffolk Street, Birmingham) wish it to be known that the Clifford May, whose latest activities we recently referred to, is in no way connected with them. For many years they have been the only firm in Suffolk Street bearing the name of May. Six months ago, however, Clifford May took a small office opposite, and his machinations may, unfortunately, damage Messrs. Linnell and May's credit. The sooner, therefore, Clifford shuts up shop the better.

EDITOR (Sproughton).—We wish you success with *The Strafer*; but doesn't it somewhat lack bite and sting?

U. H. (St. Albans).—Do not much fancy *Printer's Pie* items relating to funerals.

"OSWALD" (Pontefract).—We will keep a watchful eye on the Filmland Supply, Balham, London.

T. W. S. (Plaistow).—We do not call the National Union of Clerks a strong union, but that is the fault of clerks themselves, who, as a rule, grumble a lot better than they agitate.

W. G. G. (Abergavenny).—Be summary with the M. A. Winter Co., of Washington, if you don't wish to catch a cold. Put their circulars into the fire.

F. S. (London, N.).—We certainly think Mr. Landon Ronald is not in very patriotic taste performing Germhun music at the Royal Albert Hall, but Wagner and Schubert were not Prussian militarists; and great music is everybody's country.

"GLASWEGIAN" (Glasgow).—Notwithstanding Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence's arguments, we do not believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays. The fact that Shakespeare was not an educated man, and that there is no trace of his possessing any books is, we agree, strange, but there it is!

"MARGARET" (Banchory?) and MANY OTHERS.—"A Father" asks us to thank you all. He says he may have something more to say by-and-by.

"DEVONIAN."—The only establishments for the cure of kleptomania are, we believe, H.M. penitentiaries. You give no particulars as to your daughter's age, etc., so we cannot advise what steps to take with her.

R. K. (Grafton).—Our references have been frequent. People should throw the "Ellessdee" circulars into the fire.

M. F. (Margate).—Please send your full address, when we will reply to you by post.

"A READER" (N. Woodchester).—A head gardener, or any other old gardener, for that matter, should address his employer as "sir," not "major," and should touch, not lift, his hat to him. We must write a book on "Etiquette for Gardeners."

"SCOTTA" (Gibraltar).—"Which town or city has the best tram service in the world? And the best in Great Britain?" New York and London, we should say.

Mrs. O'H. (Buxton).—Have handed your letter on to the editress of *Everywoman's*. Miss L. W. Small, who conducts the feature "You—and Your Work" can no doubt advise you.

Mrs. G. (Southend-on-Sea) suggests sending the All Highest Baby Slayer to Prittlewell when caught, as there are three "I's" in it and only one in Berlin. Well, well!

A. E. A. (H.M.S. ——).—Apparently only Germhun mouth organs are available in England. You must post your own complaint to J. N. Masters direct.

"INQUIRER" (London). — Dr. Lyttelton, Headmaster of Eton, is the learned gentleman who wishes us to behave nicely to Germhuny.

"THREE GIRLS" (Gorringham).—"We are anxious for a war badge. We have been working day and night as scullery maids for the munition workers." Apply to Mr. Asquith.

WM. RABBITT (Clarkstone).—Is it worth while for you to emerge from your burrow, merely to indulge in a little cheap sarcasm on the posterior of a postcard?

A. M. K. G. (St. John's Wood, N.W.).—We passed a few remarks at the time Knecht and Co., the chocolate manufacturers, became Knight and Co.

E. G. (Mildmay Grove).—We really must utter a mild protest against your writing to us on wall-paper, even of the sanitary washable variety.

F. W. F. (Kidderminster).—Congratulations on your foresight in retaining a carbon copy of your four-page letter, which opens with such elegant abuse. Sad if so precious a document were lost to posterity.

H. N. PHO. (Bridgwater).—Lord Charles Beresford was so styled by courtesy as soon as he was born, as he was a son of the 4th Marquess of Waterford. Now, of course, he is a peer in his own right.

"A MEMBER" (Saltley) of a Birmingham Labour club would like to know "What a Stewart's duties are." He should inquire of the Earl of Galloway, head of the family.

PRIVATE H. C. (Chatham).—Naval and military competitors have already secured numerous prizes in our "Bullets" competitions. During the last few weeks a naval and a military competitor have each been awarded a first prize. A military competitor has also succeeded in winning a first prize of £1,000.

A. P. (Walthamstow).—As you may have seen, the Government have at last put the kybosh on Conrad Wm. Schmidt, Ltd., and certain other Hun firms throughout the country.

"OLD FOLLOWER" (Dover).—Better leave it to the Tribunal.

W. D. (London, W.).—So it was asserted in the course of your argument that JOHN BULL is "all Bunkum," and Old Moore "all Balsam." We leave Old Moore to defend himself. For the rest, we should say you are "all Barmy."

H. H. B. (London, E.C.).—Translating battle songs into the language of the Sudanese is a little out of our line. Is there anything easier we can do for you?

PTE. G. H. S. (B.E.F.).—It was Winston Churchill, not Lloyd George, who coined the classic phrase "Termino: inexact:"

"WELL 'HALLITE" (Eltham).—Hope you have received your bite of Lloyd George's rare and refreshing fruit by this time.

A. K. (Balby).—The woman knew it was against the law to take away the stout from the inn during prohibited hours.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

One thing the running in the "Lancashire" Steeplechase decisively proves is that the Frenchman, Clitias, can have no possible chance of winning the "National." He can't jump a little bit, and may safely be left out of consideration. The ground was responsible for the fact that Ally Sloper did not run at Windsor, and the result of the race seems to show clearly that if Whitaker has a better than Templedowney, the prize will go to Royston. I believe the stable best is LORD MARCUS, and he should win, whilst as a second string I shall take ALLY SLOPER.

It will be as well to go slowly at the beginning of the "flat," particularly with the two-year-olds. Trainers themselves do not know much about their charges, although, as usual, some of them will reckon their geese to be swans.

On Friday, PRINT, who I know has done good work, may take the Double Handicap, and THE ANGEL MAN the Crawley Selling Plate. On Saturday, VALENTINE MAHER can win the Surrey Steeplechase; DESMOND'S SONG should take the International Hurdle; MINSTREL PARK, the Gatwick Double Handicap; and SIR THOMAS, the Priory Plate.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 24.

Two competitors sent coupons showing only three errors, and share the £100 prize, each receiving £50:—H. FLINT, c.o. A. S. Thompson, Emmissary House, Burton Road, Walton, Liverpool, and C. M. DAY, 67, Oaklands Road, Bexley Heath.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

ANDREW M. REID, Currochs, Crieff, Perthshire. February 26th. 150,905.

PETER DAVIDSON, 302, Main Street, Bridgeton, Glasgow. February 26th. 245,202.

THOMAS GLENN, 1, Union Street, Retford. February 26th. 766,943.

W. H. BEDSON, 57, Portland Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent. March 4th. 972,505.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of March 18th:—

003278	281368	553673	253929	A156130
018954	304587	581235	886397	A159333
037501	336005	624192	905410	A177561
0956 8	375680	667838	946731	A18573g
101925	389274	698379	981245	A234122
116437	410139	720517	986789	A266557
159783	437891	759306	994071	A289784
193521	462312	773914	A032654	A307125
208215	490754	800093	A036720	A353208
247896	522459	836703	A128330	A372531

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published March 29th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for March 18th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 147,644 and A026,718. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

For a Clever Idea We Pay £250 In 'Bullets."

"BULLETS"—HAVE YOU HIT THE TARGET?

2ND PRIZE £25 | **FIRST PRIZE £250** | **2ND PRIZE £25**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10	100 PRIZES OF 5/-	1000 PRIZES OF 2/6	2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES	2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

No. Closing date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(182) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 182," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(182) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 183. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, APRIL 6th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **183** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **183**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 183.

THE GERMAN FLEET	A WOMAN DRIVER	CONTRADICTING FATHER	GAINING HER OBJECT
KNOCK-DOWN BLOW	VERY RISKY	A REGULAR TERROR	THE WRONG HORSE
WHAT ASQUITH SAID	HOW MONEY GOES	WHAT LOVE MEANS	CAPITAL IDEA
MARRIED GRIEVANCE	WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE	KEPT WAITING	A BIG HANDFUL
LITTLE WILLIE'S WEAKNESS	BEHIND THE COUNTER	A STRONG HINT	THE KAISER REGRETS

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 182:—

VAIN ATTACK
THE COMING BUDGET
SMASHING GERMANY
WHAT GOVERNMENT WANTS
FLEET MOVEMENTS
THE TURKISH ARMY
WON'T HELP
WHEN CONSCRIPTION SPEAKS
A WEAK EXCUSE
PREACHING ECONOMY
READY FOR SPRING
VON TIRPITZ
WE ALL THINK
WHEN SERVING
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
NO LADY
MY WIFE LIKES
SAYING NO
OUR OFFICE BOY
TAKING IT EASY
BROKEN OFF
CAN'T BE BOUGHT
A JOB LOT
NEIGHBOUR'S PIANO
MAKES FATHER SMART
WAITING FOR WORK
COURTING THE MAID
SELLING OFF
WHEN FIRST KISSED
THE KAISER'S DREAD

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
WAITING FOR WORK.
Bullet:—
THE TRAMP'S USUAL STORY.

Example:—
CAN'T BE BOUGHT.
Bullet:—
HEALTH FOR RICHES.

Bullet:—
TAKING IT EASY.
Bullet:—
THE FOREMAN.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated April 15th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's" dated March 25th.

RESULT OF 179TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250:—

Mr. J. HEATHER,
27, Denzil Road, Guildford, Surrey.
Example:—SEEKING EXEMPTION.
Bullet:—DIDN'T "COME TO PASS."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Sergt. A. S. GRANT,
1, Depot Coy., A.S.C., Coffee Room, Mandova Barracks, Aldershot.
Example:—GERMANY'S LATEST THREAT.
Bullet:—ONLY "DEPRESSES" JELLICOE'S EYELID.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. B. WILSON, 334, Sheffield Road, Tinsley, Sheffield: MAKES PEOPLE TALK—WAY GOVERNMENT GETS "SLACKER."
Mr. J. K. HAMBLIN, St. Albans House, Windsor, Berks: WANTED AT ONCE—THE EVER "READY."
Mr. HAROLD HARDWICK, 26, Gt. Western Arcade, Birmingham: LIKE A WOMAN—MINDING CHANGE—CHANGING MIND.
Mr. JOHN BARKER, 13, York Buildings, Hastings: LONELY SOLDIER—BEGGING LETTER'S LATEST SIGNATURE.
Mr. M. A. MAY, 233, Blackburn Road, Accrington: A DEAR GIRL—ONE "AFTER MY HEART."
Miss JEAN STEELE, Ballochmyle, West Park Rd., Dundee: SECOND MATE—MAY ALTER WILSON'S "COURSE."
Mr. G. CONQUEST, Hillcrest, Hartley, Cranbrook: LIKE A WOMAN—"CURIOUS" IF HE IS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. ROBERT H. THEAKSTON, 22, Brook Terrace, Darlington: A BIG HIT—AMATEUR PIANIST'S "LAST CHORD."
Mrs C. CLARKE, 5, Audrey Road, Ilford, Essex: WIDE AWAKE—WHEN EVERYBODY'S "COLLECTED."
Mrs. F BOOTH, 270, Camberwell Rd., Camberwell, London, S.E.: RISKY CALLING—FOR "ANOTHER" WHEN DRUNK.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. G. L. TOLMIE, Wesley Cottage, George St., Hedon, nr. Hull: BACKING A LOSER—AMATEUR SOON EXPERT.
Mr. THOMAS MURRAY, N.S.P.C.C. Office, Northgate, Chichester: MANAGES TO PLEASE—ARMY COOK—VERY SELDOM.
Mr. A. COE, 42, Fortune Gate Road, Harlesden, London, N.W.: POOR DEVIL—THOUGHT DRILL-SERGEANT WAS JOKING.
Mr. WM. ANDREWS, c.o. Norwood Mill, Southall: TAKING LITTLE BAGGAGE—NOT ALWAYS CHEAP EXCURSION.
Mr. J. W. GORDON, 55, Burnaby Street, Sheffield: WANTED AT ONCE—ELECTIONS—IN CERTAIN CONSTITUENCIES.
Mr. H. PEDLEY, 1, Wareham Street, Hoxton, London, N.: WANTED AT ONCE—A DAILY "JOHN BULL."
Mrs. S. J. BAILEY, East Lodge, Costoon, Melton Mowbray: LONELY SOLDIER—MAKES NURSE'S DUTY "BINDING."
Mr. J. DOYLE, 19, Grange Road, West Bromwich: GETTING SHORT—TEMPER—THEN FINGER NAILS.
Mr. C. TURNER, Peachley, Brampton Park Road, Hitchin, Herts: DISTURBING ELEMENT—LAUNDRESS EVIDENTLY FINDS BUTTON.
Mr. EDWARD GEE, 3, Market Street, Hindley, Wigan: WON'T FIGHT—THE ARMY'S SEVEREST CRITICS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(182) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

If all four coupons are used, P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

No Closing Date, Thursday, March 30th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(182) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....

Address .....

If four Coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 182." "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon

£250 If One Error

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, April 1st. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Bolton will beat Bury you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Bury will beat Bolton then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all-correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach JOHN BULL, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, March 31st. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp, or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM
			Bolton W.	v.	Bury
			Everton	v.	Liverpool
			Manchester C.	v.	Oldham A.
			Preston N. End	v.	Burnley
			Stockport C.	v.	Manchester U.
			Barnsley	v.	Leeds City
			Bradford C.	v.	Bradford
			Derby C.	v.	Stoke
			Notts C.	v.	Notts F.
			Sheffield U.	v.	Sheffield W.
			Luton	v.	Tottenham H.
			Fulham	v.	Millwall
			Crystal P.	v.	Brentford
			Aberdeen	v.	Motherwell
			Airdrieonians	v.	Third Lanark
			Queen's Park	v.	Dumbarton
			Raith Rovers	v.	Dundee
			Hamilton A.	v.	Rangers

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding

PIN a penny postage stamp or Free stamp Voucher from *Everywoman's* **HERE**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. 27 Closing date, Friday, March 31st

THE SUMMING-UP.

Our genial Judge, on justice bent,
Summed up the case with wise comment
In Chairman Juniors' favour;
Said he, "The Court is satisfied,
'Tis the finest smoke it ever tried
For quality and flavour."

"Quality and flavour"—and both excellent. That is the claim for Chairman Juniors. If you will try them you will find it is fully justified, because they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

Chairman Juniors are made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

THE TRIAL OF CHAIRMAN JUNIORS, No. 5.

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